

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine  
For All The Family*

JANUARY 15, 1925  
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JANUARY AIN'T A LOST  
MONTH IN FARMIN'—NOT  
ON MY FARM .. I C'N GROW  
AXE HANDLES THEN • AND  
REPAIRS ON THE REAPER  
AND HOSSRAKE AND NEW  
STRAPS IN MY HARNESS.  
AND I'LL NEED 'EM ALL  
COME SPRING • WHEN THERE'S NO TIME TO  
DO 'EM .. AND 'TWEEN WHILES MY FARM  
PAPERS KEEP MY MIND A-GROWIN'—AND  
THAT'S THE MOST NEEDFUL CROP OF ALL  
—CALEB PEASLEE'S ALMANAC

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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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JANUARY 15, 1925

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DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SICHEL

## ALL DOGS DO THEIR BEST

*By Frances L. Cooper*

declared that he probably downed forty deer each year above his own legal limit of two.

John knew the mountains thoroughly; no game warden had such intimate knowledge of them. When his pack train left the home ranch the earth seemed to swallow his party. Sometimes on his return he told his daughter—never his squeamish wife—details of the hunt. In John's little world his daughter was as good as a man.

Though they were eternally bickering, a real and respectful affection existed between Eckles and his girl. The man took pride in

working and disliked commotion. Never in all his days had he seen anything to equal the two young dogs. They were everywhere, into everything, in perpetual trouble. Keen, clever and full of life, they were remarkable dogs. Milly loved them as much as John hated them. They were youth, motion, playmates, and she lavished her spare time upon them. Their devotion was excessive, but, as they showed neither veneration nor respect for the lord of the manor, he nursed for them a lively hate. He daily threatened to fill them full of high-powered lead. Milly simply jeered at him.

After breakfast Mrs. Eckles checked this wrangling. "Sun's pretty near up," she reminded them. "Hadn't you better be goin'?"

he had a lion to his credit. Milly wished that she might be lucky enough to catch a lion. Her going to high school would, she realized, depend on her winter's earnings; she knew that her father would not lift a finger to aid her.

The beat extended in a long horseshoe, the prongs of which went up two cañons and met behind a hill. John's route was no more than a couple of miles; Milly's covered four. She preferred to ride a quiet old horse that did not object to a load of dead bodies. John scorned a mount; so Milly generally waited for him where her part of the horseshoe joined his, and on warm days they had an animated and agreeable discussion of the day's produce, accompanied by much fingering of skins and many estimates of possible prices.

The sun was just flushing the eastern mountains with rose when Milly left the ranch, whooping exuberantly and banging the old horse with the butt of her rifle; the shrill little dogs were cavorting and yelling in advance. She knew her father regarded such a departure as a crass violation of all hunting law. Out of sight of the house she pulled down, ordered the little dogs, now marvelously obedient and silent, to heel and went to work.

Trap after trap she visited, resetting some, changing their positions, baiting and considering the signs. To her deep disappointment her traps yielded little. An absence of tracks puzzled her. Usually there were deer signs, cat and fox tracks in plenty. One skunk and two foxes was the sum total that her traps had yielded her thus far.

"Just one more chance to see if we've got some daily dollars, pups," she remarked as she finished skinning the skunk. She objected to skunk carcasses on horseback.

The last trap was at the far end of a small glade, now out of sight behind a ridge. The glade was the meeting place of Eckles and his daughter. If early, he usually climbed the hill overlooking the glade and waited. Twice from that vantage point he had shot game as it crossed the open space.

Today John fared no better than Milly. His two miles of traps yielded even less than hers. His strides were long and angry. Bob, the Airedale, felt his master's mood and slunk along without a single tour of exploration into the fascinating brush, full of thrilling information for an inquiring nose.

As John Eckles pushed into a thicket that concealed his last trap the dog gave a startled bound and began to bristle and sniff. The man growled an order; together they pushed on. Round the exposed trap was a tell-tale circle. Bits of prime lynx skin littered the snow. One glance was enough for Eckles.

"Great guns, Bob!" muttered the man. "A powerful big bear's eat a lot of cash! An' where'd he come from? Ain't seen no bear in these mountains for twenty years."

As he was examining the tracks he heard a noise. Abruptly he assumed a strained listening pose. From over the hill, sharp and clear in the still air, came the crackling of branches. With a word to the dog the man sped up the slope to the point where he could command a view of the little glade. At the far end, busily tearing at something in Milly's last trap, was an animal that filled the man with rage and



The bear checked himself a moment, diverted from his main object

her. She was nearly his equal in wood lore, in trapping and in shooting. And Milly deferred to his opinion in those matters. Their chief bone of contention was education. The girl had successfully passed the eighth grade in the local country school and was ambitious for further learning. Eckles disapproved. To him a good grounding in the three R's was ample. But the true motive for his opposition was that he hated to lose her, that he feared education might draw her away from him and breed in her a scorn for his limited culture. Mrs. Eckles's part in the decisions of her strong-willed husband and daughter was pitifully small. The boy was pitifully small. They loved her and needed her, but ignored her.

The latest feud between Eckles and his girl had arisen over the two young wire-haired terriers. Milly excelled in training dogs. A quail hunter, whom she had helped obtain the limit of birds, had been full of admiration for her splendid setter, a product of her work. At his country place he had a pair of expensive and high-bred terrier pups, which were being ruined by the overindulgence of servants. To care for them and to school them he offered Milly the magnificent sum of fifteen dollars a month. That was "pure velvet" to Milly, who was wild for money; and in a moment of abstraction her father gave his assent to the plan—to regret it every waking moment.

Eckles was sober and hard-

They grunted assent, hurrying with wraps and looking to their rifles, the extra shells and the supplies of bait. Each had a trap line. Milly's was the longer, for her father did not require much ranch work of her. He took pride in her large fur catch. Winter had struck early, and now that the hills were deeply swathed in snow fur-bearing life was feeling the winter pinch. Never had skins been so good or so plentiful. Quail, rabbits and other small animals were mysteriously scarce, and bait was a temptation that few meat-eaters could resist. Many and many a fox had given his skin to Milly as the price of his folly; bobcat, lynx, skunk and raccoon pelts were drying on the racks or tied by their noses in neat clusters. Thus far her catch was greater than her father's, though

The last trap was at  
the far end of a  
small glade



exultation. He slipped a shell into the barrel, drew a tentative bead and then lowered the gun. The dog beside him stood statue-like, breaking occasionally into muffled whines of excitement.

"That blasted tree! I'll wait till he moves a little," muttered the crouching figure.

Presently the animal, a huge bear, backed, dragging at the beast within the trap. The man fired—hastily, he realized at once, for the bear gave an enraged bawl and slapped at his forefoot. Eckles jerked at his lever. To his consternation the empty shell stuck, and the up-coming loaded shell, which should have slid smoothly into the barrel, jammed against it. He worked feverishly, glancing now and then at the perplexed bear, which was still on his hind legs querulously fussing and licking the insignificant wound.

"S' long's you don't get scared an' leave, ol' boy, I don't care what you do," muttered the man.

But the angered and ravenous bear had no intention of leaving. He turned suspiciously to his meat, glancing up occasionally at the dark rim of bush.

Eckles, with his head down and his fingers intent on his task, decided that the bear was young and inexperienced, that he must be a silver tip; he seemed too big for a black—

A shot roused him like a bolt of electricity. He never forgot the horror he felt as he

sprang to his feet to stare at the imminence of dreadful tragedy below him. He looked in time to see the maddened bear drop to all fours and start racing down the glade. Then he saw Milly—senseless girl to sting a full-grown bear with a twenty-two rifle!—grab vainly at the reins as her crazed old horse attempted a cowboy whirl for home, failed and sat on his rump, spilling her to the ground too far from the upspringing horse to permit her to snatch the reins. Partly dazed as she was, she began scrabbling for her rifle. With agony her father saw that she would be too late. He sobbed as he tugged at the jammed cartridge. Then like a thrown spear the dog Bob went from his side and with a roar tackled the red-eyed bear.

The bear saw him in time to stand. He met Bob's fierce onslaught with a fateful slap of the paw that, light though it seemed, tossed the dog gasping and howling a dozen feet away. Three broken ribs and a gashed shoulder cured him that day of any interest in bears.

Bruin was not to be annoyed by such slight interruptions. He was after the girl whose little stinging bullet had so pained his tender flesh. Seventy feet! Sixty feet! Milly had reached her rifle, her insignificant little gun. A groan burst from her father's throat. That popgun would never stop him! Fifty feet! A second or two until Milly died!

Eckles screamed at his gun as he ran, fighting to clear the chamber.

Other screams echoed his. Inhuman screams! Below him two tiny white balls, the terriers, screeched lion-hearted defiance at the angry monster. The bear checked himself a moment, diverted from his main object. His hesitation was fatal. A red-hot little set of needles stabbed his right heel; another set jabbed into his left foot. He squaled with the prick of the hurt. He turned and slapped vainly at the little tormentors, but they were not there. Another red-hot sting in his heels. Another.

Forgotten was the girl. Forgotten were rifles, men and danger. Nothing mattered except revenge upon those two pestering antagonists! Here, there, in they leaped, bit, slashed and were gone. One small terrier would dance in front of him, nimbly keeping just out of his reach while his partner would fly in, sink his shining white teeth and dash out. Quick as lightning was the big bear, but the terriers had speed beyond his. Eckles said afterwards that he had never seen anything like the two small dogs with their perfect action and incomparable team work.

Another twenty-two bullet stung the bear's flesh. Milly was once more in action. The small pellets annoyed the battling monster. Harassed by the dogs, stung by the pellets, he felt an increasing sense of

alarm. As best he could he worked his whirling, slapping path toward the brush. He was nearly to its saving shelter when a crash echoed from hill to hill as the mushrooming lead from Eckles's gun, clear and free at last, sank into his bewildered brain.

As his huge body collapsed to the ground the little dogs flew in, convinced that they had given this mountain of fur and flesh his mortal wound. Laughing and sobbing, Milly pulled the bristling, frantic little things away lest they injure the skin.

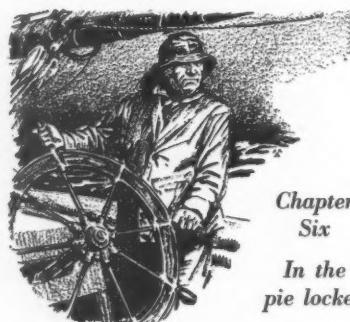
She was an extraordinary girl, and Eckles was an extraordinary father. They peered for a moment at the ponderous dark carcass, at the trampled snow, finding unreal the peaceful hush after so much turmoil. The insane scolding of a jay restored them to their full senses.

"Well," Milly's shaking voice gave greeting, "are my dogs as gritty as your old Bob?"

"You win!" replied the man. "I keep my word. High school for yours." A shudder passed over him. Milly felt the rare touch of his lips upon her cheek. "If—if," he said unsteadily, "it hadn't been for them little fellers, you'd a-been a goner."

Hastily he turned from her. "Let's go! Lots to do now. Got to skin your bear an' patch up ol' Bob."

The girl's breath caught. She spoke warmly. "Bob did his best too, pa! And that skin's yours!"



Chapter  
Six  
*In the  
pie locker*

**T**HOMAS GRIBBINS was chief cook and bottle washer aboard the *Blanche Tibbo*, a "round-bower" knockout schooner from Bay of Islands to Trepassey on the south coast of Newfoundland. The *Blanche Tibbo* was as staunch a hooker as ever, in Newfoundland parlance, "had a bluff bow an' a stick outside." And Thomas Gribbins was as good a cook as ever slapped a handful of grease into a red-hot spider over a galley fire. That is saying a great deal, for Newfoundland is a country of stanch schooners and ingenious cooks. They have to be ingenious to succeed at all with their startlingly limited supplies.

Thomas Gribbins' dinner was all done and ready to ladle out this day. And Thomas, leaving his galley for a momentary breathing spell and a squat at the fog, was leaning over the port rail in the waist. Then all at once he saw something—or thought he did; something that heaved and drifted on the ugly seas that came charging in from gray obscurity, something that swallowed heavily, something in distress and peril.

Thomas was fat and slow and had sweeping mustaches and a grizzled old head. He tugged at his mustaches a second or two, scratched his poll and finally remarked: "By the livin' jingo! I'm dog-rotted if that there ain't a dory wi' two men into her. Hey, Bosco!"

Bosco, who was at the wheel, shouted back: "Ay? W'at ye want?"

"Dory off t' port bow! An' she've got a hileskin up on a paddle. She'll be wantin' help, I'm thinkin'!"

"Righto!" cried the steersman. "Tell th' old man. I'll give her a spoke an' luff her. Look alive, Tom!"

Thomas Gribbins looked alive as he had rarely looked alive before and ducked below to rout out the "old man," who was Captain Israel Tripp. Thereafter a dory was lowered, and a couple of stout seamen gave way lustily.

Not many minutes later Arioch Chislett and Bob Graham were aboard the hooker, towed hither by her dory. Arioch stamped his numb feet on the deck and uttered words of thankfulness. Bob shivered and could find nothing to say. Death had been too close for him to feel conversational.

"I'm glad ye sighted we," said the codder. "I dear say if ye hadn't us'd ha' drifted to

## COASTS OF PERIL

*By George Allan England*

Patagonia mebbe. An' wid only a basket of grub an' a jug of spruce beer, us might ha' been wonderly hungry afore us come up on the land there. Hist my dory aboard, will ye? They bes one cod into her anyhow us'll give ye."

Israel Tripp bade them welcome and invited them below into his cabin. Trail water from their clothes and boots, they followed him along the deck, which was heavily laden with gasoline barrels. In the cabin Tripp made them quite at home. He ordered Gribbins to fetch a pot of scalding tea and also some of the excellent stew still bubbling on the galley fire.

"It sure were a close call," explained Arioch as they ate. The glimmer from the cabin skylight deepened the wrinkles on his honest face. "Nobody's fot [fault], though. This b'y here, he bes a Yankee. Too doggoned strong for my paddles, cap'n. He busted one. Us couldn't make out to keep steerageway wi' the other, an' twas too deep for the killock. Had nothin' fer to make a sea anchor. So fer a spell it looked mighty bad."

"So he's a Yank, eh?" asked Tripp. "Well, b'y, what d'ye think of the Newf'un'lan' coast?"

"It's pretty rough all right," answered Bob, "but I kind of like it."

Tripp laughed. "He got his nerve alaang wi' he, ain't he?" was his comment.

"Yes, he's a game 'un," assented Arioch. "A greenharn too, rate out of Boston. He was kind of scart when we fust went out, but arter it happened an' things looked their blackest he was a game 'un. Not a whimper out of he."

"He look like a good b'y, he does," said Tripp.

"An' so he bes! I'm an ol' man, cap'n. I'll come by me end here some of these days like me father afore me, an' no great loss neither. But this b'y is young. He've got lots of years to live yet. An' he done A-one. He bes a good b'y, cap'n. An' as one sayfarin' man to another, I ax ye to do fer him whatever ye can."

"Which is what, b'y?" asked the captain.

"Well," Bob answered, with his teeth no longer chattering, "for Thomas Gribbins's stew was 'wonderly' strong,—'well, I'm trying to get to St. Pierre right off. If you're going that way, could I work or something? And pay my passage kind of?"

"Ye could, b'y," assented Tripp. "Us ain't goin' rate to the Pier, ye understand, but purty snug to it. Us got a cargo of hile an' gasoline, deck load, an' carbide an' poolp [pulp wood] below hatches. Us're bound fer Trepassey an' could touch in to Grand Bank. The Pier lays only thirty mile off to say from there. Ye're welcome to come alaang wid us. An' as fer work, I'll ax the cook. Ever done any cookin', b'y?"

"Well, a little. I've camped out some. I'll try to do anything you say."

"That's spoke proper!" Tripp said approvingly. "What be y'r name?"

"Oh—call me Bill." And Bob's blue eyes smiled.

"All right, Bill. Ye're shipped aboard. An' now fust thing ye do is git into a pew [bunk] in the fo'e'sle an' have a snooze. Now don't ye go objectin'!" he added sternly. "I'm cap'n, an' my word's law. Git forrad, Bill, an' report to the galley an' tell Gribbins ye're goin' to cookee fer he."

"Couldn't I try as a sailor or something like that?" asked Bob. "I could learn somethin' that way."

"Know anythin' about a three-master like this 'un?"

"Well—I've been yachting some."

"Box the compass?"

Bob had to admit he couldn't.

"Supposin' I told ye to reeve off the davysfalls, what'd ye do?"

"Well—I don't know."

"I guess it'll be safer to have ye round the pie locker," said Tripp, laughing and stroking his beard. His keen, dark eyes seemed to penetrate Bob decisively. "Tell Gribbins to put ye to work. But fust forty winks fer ye, b'y. An' don't le' me see ye agin till ye're rested an' OK, an' git that pale, puckerin' look off y'r face. Hear me?"

Bob heard and obeyed. As he left the cabin Israel winked at old Chislett. "Look like good stuff in that b'y," said he. "Soft as putty now, but wid a few weeks alaang the coast—"

"Yes, 'tis so," agreed Arioch. "But say, cap'n where be ye puttin' in next port?"

"Burnt Island. Ye'll be wantin' ashore?"

"I will that. Land me there, cap'n, an' I'll thank ye. I can ketch a boat back in a day or two—back to Port-aux-Basques. Sooner I make it, sooner my missus'll stop cryin' her eyes out."

"I'll land ye at Burnt Island," Captain Tripp promised him, "though it's likely I won't tie up there. Ye'll have to go ashore in y'r own dory. An' the b'y yes, I'll take he alaang down."

Thereupon Israel Tripp went "forrad" himself to make sure that the newcomer had as good a bunk as any the fo'e'sle of the *Blanche Tibbo* afforded.

When Bob became a member of the hooker's crew, hospitably kind like all Newfoundlanders, the date was July 10. Bob's mind was set on reaching St. Pierre by the 31st. He felt that he had to succeed both to avoid ridicule and to keep his brother's plans from being upset. Also the quicker he could relieve his family from worry the better. Every day now seemed a serious matter to him. Each head wind was to be for him a vexation, each favoring breeze a boon. Each black fog was to gall his impatience. And every delay of the trading vessel at the small, huddled outports was to constitute a period of gnawing inquietude. But all this is anticipating. First we must say farewell to the kind-hearted Arioch Chislett. Him we shall see no more.

For he too, like the London Bird, dropped completely out of the wanderer's life.

While Bob slept his first sleep aboard the round-bower she nosed into Burnt Island Harbor, some twenty miles east of Port-aux-Basques. Captain Tripp ordered Arioch's dory put down. The old fisher clambered into it and rowed away toward the barren little settlement that clung like a limpet to the black rocks. For the young 'prentice whose cod fishing had lasted but one day Arioch left word with Tripp. "Good-by to ye, Bill, an' good luck," he said. "If ever ye pass my door agin an' need a friend, remember me!"

Bob awoke from his sleep a little dazed and at a loss, but feeling well. The wetting he had received hadn't hurt him in the least. Salt water rarely makes trouble. The boy's thoughts were anxious. "I'm up against a hard job now," he reflected as he lay a while in his bunk in the fo'e'sle where only dim light seeped through the doorway. "Nothing I can do can hurry this old tub. Wind and weather have the say of everything for me!"

He felt rather helpless. Everything now depended on the whims of chance. If the *Blanche Tibbo* should make a good trip down the coast, well and good. If not, things would be disagreeable. And in case of wreck, why, his family might never in this world know what had become of him. But that was a contingency Bob refused to consider long. He couldn't help thinking, however, what would probably happen if he were much longer delayed. Paul would cable to North Sydney and without doubt get in touch with Mr. Matherson and find out that no trace remained save a suitcase. Doubtless he would be terribly alarmed.

"What complications!" thought Bob, beginning to sweat with misery. "The whole family'll be scared half to death. The thing for me to do is get to St. Pierre just as quick as I can!"

That led him back to his starting point and to the possible vagaries of wind and weather. The wanderer felt himself in a kind

"Hello, b'y!" the sailor greeted him



of trap that only the hand of time could open. He had reached that point in his meditations when a sailor came stooping into the fo'c'sle and peered at him.

"Hello, b'y!" the sailor greeted him. He loomed up, a huge, round-shouldered fellow in a pea jacket and sea boots. "My name's Bosworth. They calls me Bosco fer short. What's yourn?"

"Oh, call me Bill—for short too," Bob answered and sat up in the bunk.

Bosco held out a hand almost as calloused as the hoof of a rhinoceros. Bob grasped it. "Well," Bosco announced, "ye can git up now. Y'r clo'es is dried by the galley fire. I'll bring 'em. An I'll git ye a sweater too."

"Thank you very much," said Bob, glad to be up and doing.

He came on deck some minutes later, dry'y and warmly clad and feeling greatly refreshed by his sleep. Maybe after all the adventure could not turn out so badly.

Under a descending sun and cradled by a falling sea, the Blanche Tibbo was rolling easily along with a most pleasant creak of spars and cordage. Off the port beam lay high, rugged shores, bleakly barren. Except for a few gulls no sign of life appeared on the great waters; not even fishing dories were visible. Here and there the boy saw small black islands of jagged rock, ringed round with collars of surf that leaped with restless anger. Bob never had beheld any sea or shore so starkly, terribly menacing.

"What a place for a wreck!" thought he. The sullen line of shore seemed hungry for the bones of luckless ships.

As he stood at the rail he no longer needed the oilskins that Arioach Chislett had taken away with him; but he was grateful for the sweater that Bosco had lent him, for the breeze was searching.

Now issued the genial Thomas Gribbins from the galley and clapped a hand on Bob's shoulder. With a smile under his sweeping mustaches the old cook asked: "Well, b'y, how goes it?"

"Fine!"

"Have a bite of grub? Or ready to go to work widout it?"

"I'm ready for work," Bob replied. "Not hungry now, thanks. What d'you want me to do?"

"Well, ye're my cookee now. Us got twelve men aboard, an' them be the eatin'est men fer potatoes ever I see. Ye're lected to skin potatoes. Rate this w'y to the galley!"

Bob's first two days' instruction covered all the fine points of "potatoes." After that he made what Thomas Gribbins called "dog-rotted fine progress, by the livin' jingo!" in the art of working over a galley range that, owing to the schooner's rolling, was never twice in the same place, and of frying salt pork, making "bruse," boiling corned beef and cabbage and preparing coffee. Gribbins was especially particular about the coffee.

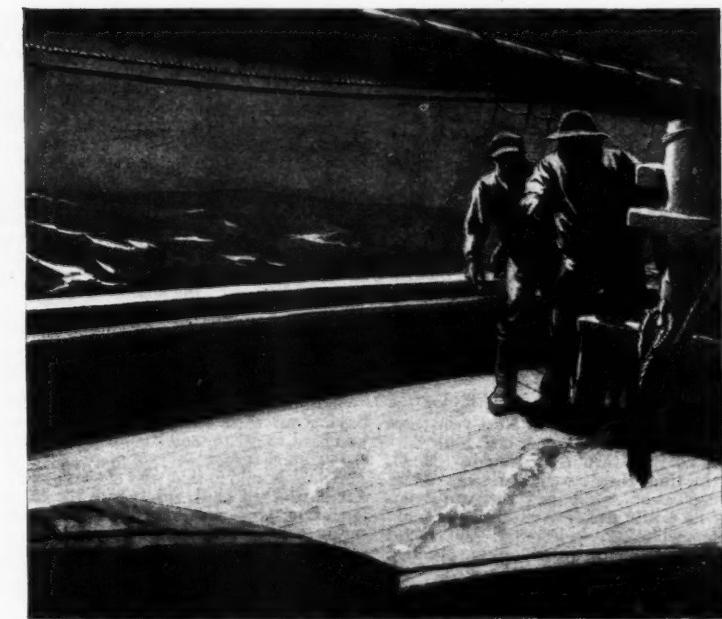
"She's got to be strong enough fer to hold a egg up, coffee has," he would assert, "or she ain't no good. Ye're doin' fine, b'y. Keep this up an' afore long I'll graduate ye into figgyduff, give ye a master's papers in lobusc an' hand ye a certificate in Irishstew!"

Bob learned the mysteries of washing dishes in a cramped space between the range and the galley pump. He fetched coal and hove ashes over the rail into the sea. He built fires and carried grub aft to the "old man" and the mates and also "forrad" to the A. B.'s—which on a ship means not Bachelors of Arts but able-bodied seamen. And all the time he was calculating just how many more days remained before July 31 and plotting the hooker's position on a dog-eared chart that Gribbins fished out of a locker in the galley.

Gribbins was glad to tell him all he could about what headway the Blanche Tibbo was making, even though Bob never explained why he wanted to know. The old cook had taken a real liking to the unknown waif from the sea. Betimes he would philosophize.

"This here round-bower," he would say, "she be rusty, an' she need paint, but she be a good hooker at that. She've been my home a long time, an' I'm happy in 'er. When me coat's buttoned an' me trunk's locked I'm a free man. Us'll make a free man out of you too, Bill!"

Day followed day, and to Bob it began to seem as if he had always been a cook's helper along the misty coasts of Newfoundland. Strange sights kept him from much introspection—wondrous cliffs and chasms, majestic fjords, grim shoals and perilous black rocks far at sea. The tiny outports fascinated him, for those isolated communities, perched on narrow ledges between sea and cliff and often built on piles that dipped right into the surf, were completely cut off from the world except by water. No roads led anywhere from



*Suddenly he stopped and pointed*

them. The land behind them was wilderness absolute. Except for the coming of a schooner or of some vagrant little steamer they might as well have been in Tierra del Fuego, so far as any knowledge of civilization went.

Bob never failed to inquire about the possibility of catching some steamer that would hurry him along. But none was to be had. Steamers come and go as they list in those latitudes; and even such schedules as they try to keep are being forever upset by the uncertainties of storm and fog.

Much as he chafed at every delay, he had plenty to observe and to think about. For now he was discovering a wonderland if ever there was one. Day after day, night after night, he was beholding such colors in wave and sunset as he had never dreamed, such magic in the northern moonlight, such savage beauty in the precipices, in the far mountains that marched along those coasts of desolation, where infinite, fog-bound reaches of the North Atlantic came forever beating up against the iron cliffs.

At an outport called Grand Bruit, where he went ashore with his first wages in his pocket, Bob purchased a small notebook and began a diary. His first entry read:

"July 12. I am on the schooner Blanche Tibbo trading down the south coast of Newfoundland. I like it very much except that I have only nineteen days to get to St. Pierre and this schooner is very slow. Also we have a deck load of gasoline barrels, which are very dangerous. I am working for Thos. Gribbins, the cook. He told me about some other schooner that carried gas. The mate of it struck a match near a barrel—which nobody ever does on this boat, I hope! We have to be very careful. Anyhow on that other boat the gasoline caught fire. Gribbins says, 'She went up in a holy flame. There were two men cooked to death, and the schooner was burned to the water's edge.'

"I have been thinking about my stowing away and hope I can pay for my passage sometime. I suppose I really cheated the Kyle. When I get to work at St. Pierre I'll send them the money and also send to Mr. Matherson for my things at North Sydney and pay him too. I don't want him to think I'm a cheat. Haven't had to tell any lies so far and don't mean to. Maybe had to tell only part of the truth now and then, but that's not real lying, I hope."

His next entry:

"These towns on the coast all look alike. Just variations of Port-aux-Basques. Always little square houses, crooked lanes, gardens with pole fences and no end of codfish drying on flakes. It would be a terrible coast to get wrecked on, but I like this life in spite of the fog. I wonder what my folks would say if they knew I was assistant cook and bottle washer on a Newfoundland round-bower,

which means a schooner with a bluff bow! I'm learning a thousand things that never were in books, and I'm feeling fine. If I only knew I was going to get to St. Pierre in time to rescue those plans I'd be the happiest I've ever been in my life."

A melancholy strain from an accordion interrupted Bob's literary labors. He recog-

nized the music as that of Thomas Gribbins, for Thomas was something of a virtuoso on the instrument of "sweetness long drawn out." Bob shoved his diary into the pocket of the ragged coat that had been the London Bird's and sauntered out of the fo'c'sle along the rolling deck.

In the chilly moonlight—for the hour was evening—he discovered Thomas seated on an onion crate hard by the galley door, playing a sentimental melody by the name of the Lass o' Glenshee. Now and then Thomas sang a chorus ending with:

*But while I'm alive an' in my right sines  
I'll always be true to the Lass o' Glenshee!*

At the end he spoke the final three or four words—the usual custom in Newfoundland songs to show that they are finished. Then he asked his cookee: "Want to hear a rale ol' Newf'un'lan' liveyere song, b'y? There ain't many now as remembers 'em. Them dog-rotted phonygraphts has drove 'em mostly out. Well, what say?"

"Sure I'd like to hear it!" assented Bob, sitting down on an overturned bucket. "How's it go?"

"This way," answered the jovial Thomas. And, jerking a few preliminary discords from his "tizzicky" old instrument, he sang in a voice that croaked on the low notes and broke on the high the Mottoes That Are Framed upon the Wall:

*"There's a wealth o' peecure affection an' a rale perspective j'y  
Mingled wid my thoughts o' mother an'n'n'n' of home.*

*I've a tindher recollection of teachin's, when a b'y,  
That seem to hover round me evverywhere I roooooooam!*

*"Evvery winder, evvery door, evvery nail  
beneat' the floor.  
Evvery cornder from the kitchen to the ha-a-all,  
Are engraved upon me heart from me memory  
never to part,  
Like the mottoes that are framed upon the wa-a-a-all!"*

*"Heav'n bless our home; in Heav'n we trust;  
Kind words are welcome to a-a-a-all;  
Love one another; what is ho-o-o-one widout a mother?  
Are the mottoes that are framed upon the wa-a-a-all?"*

"There!" exclaimed Gribbins, after speaking the last words. "There be a feelin' thing for ye! It be, by the livin' jingo!"

"What's a feelin' thing?" asked Bob. He thought the cook's eye was a little moist in the moonlight, but maybe that was only the fog.

"Why," answered Gribbins, "somethin' what's got the proper sentiments right to it like that. Somethin' ye can lay to y'r own brist an' feel nice an' melancholy about, ye see?"

To resume Bob's diary at a later date:

"Ten days now and getting to be quite a sailor. My shoes are worn out, and Tripp has given me some sea boots. In those and my patched-up clothes I just wish the folks could see me! I'm learning a lot and can tell a downhaul from a deadeye. And the crew have quit trying to send me to the old man for a left-handed monkey-wrench or a can of striped paint or the key to the anchor. Gribbins is giving me lessons in splicing and fancy knots. I hope nobody's worrying about me, because I'm all right. If I only knew I could get to St. Pierre by the 31st!

"We've been in no end of strange bays and fjords, and I've seen thousands of dories, hundreds of fishing vessels and miles of fish flakes and 'rooms,' as they call curing establishments. At Burgeo I saw a wonderful bay, with 365 islands in it. And Ramea Rocks was the worst place for a wreck that anybody could imagine. Such cliffs and surf! Cape La-hune and Francois Bay were the finest scenery, though. Cliffs about twelve hundred feet high right up out of the water, and we sailed through narrow channels between them.

"There were little villages right at the base of the cliffs, seeming almost as if glued on there. If a big rock should fall off it might knock a whole settlement into ninetyfathoms of water. Have not been able to catch a steamer down the coast yet. Twice found steamers in outports, but they were west-bound. I've just got nine days left to get to St. Pierre, and if nothing happens I may make it yet. But the chance isn't very promising. Gribbins says I'll get there if I can happen to catch a boat from Grand Bank in time, but there's nothing regular about those boats, so it'll all be a matter of luck. The fog is the boss of this coast, and you never can tell."

"I'm just going to think, though, that everything will be OK, and that I'll get to St. Pierre in time. Thomas says it's only thirty miles at sea from Grand Bank. Oh, if I can only make it!"

It was on the night of his thirteenth day down the coast that something happened that made him quite forget his impatience for a while. Bob was tired that night. Though the Blanche Tibbo was well at sea on the run between Push-through and Gaultois Bay, the night was unusually warm for those latitudes.

The work had been hard that day, and the smell of the galley mingled with that of the gasoline barrels on deck rather annoyed the wanderer.

He was sitting on the rail, holding to a backstay and talking with old Thomas Gribbins as usual.

Thomas had been spinning a fine lot of sea yarns in the moonlight, reeling off perils, "excursions and alarms" at a great rate—stories of the great plague at Rio, of the ill luck that had once followed a ship on which a sailor had shot a Mother Carey's chicken and of mutinies and other stirring events.

"You've been through a lot, haven't you, Gribbins?" asked Bob in a pause of the narrative.

"I have that, b'y," answered Gribbins. "But that's what the ocean means. She be like a tiger. Sometimes she be asleep, but she be alius a tiger an' ready to wake up. They ain't never a minute at say but what it's dangerous. Now, f'instance, one time I—hello, what's that?"

"What's what?" demanded the all-attentive cookee.

"I dunno rightly, but it smell uncommon like smoke."

"Oh, that? I smell smoke too. But it comes from the galley funnel, doesn't it?" said Bob.

"Galley funnel, me eye!" retorted Gribbins. "They never wasn't no coals as made a smoke like that! They be wood a-burnin' some'eres aboard as hadn't oughta be. Dog-rot it, no! Come, b'y, let's give a look round."

Anxiously he walked forward, sniffing. Suddenly he stopped and pointed. Bob saw in the misty moonlight a faint white wisp of vapor curling up from beneath the tarpaulin of the "after hatch."

"By the livin' jingo!" exclaimed Gribbins in a strange, tense voice.

"What's that?" demanded Bob with a sick feeling round the heart.

"That, if I ain't mistook worse than what I have ever been," answered the cook, "that means we be afire below. An' if we be with this here cargo of gasoline, God help us all!"

TO BE CONTINUED.



DRA WINGS BY  
RODNEY THOMSON

# LARKSPURS

*By Anne McQueen*



DRAWINGS BY PERRY BARLOW

If eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for  
being."

When cars on the highroad passed by Arvilla Blane's little brown, weather-beaten house they never slowed down. Sometimes a woman looking out from a car would say: "Good gracious, why don't the people cut the weeds in the front yard?" That was all.

It was a big front yard wherein chickens scratched unhindered, for there were no flowers; the rain had washed gullies in it, and the top earth was banked against the rotted fence, where the weeds grew in a tall, luxuriant row.

Arvilla, a middle-aged woman who lived alone and tended her small farm, was always glad when winter came and the frost laid the weeds low, for she loved to watch folks go by. Arvilla, you see, though she didn't realize it, loved company.

Sometimes a car would stop and the passengers come in for a drink of water, but in summer the water was tepid. Arvilla got her drinking water, as her father had got his before her, from a tiny spring down in the lower edge of the woods behind her house. Though the water was cold when fresh, it soon became warm and tasteless.

Once a lady came in with a big bunch of lovely flowers that were strange to Arvilla. "Them's pretty blooms," Arvilla said wistfully when she returned with a pail of water from the spring. "What might their name be?"

"Larkspurs," replied the lady, smiling. "Won't you have them? They'll soon wither in the car."

"I thank you kindly," said Arvilla with a little catch in her throat; "they's seed too, ain't they?"

"Yes, and they'd do fine planted in a row along your gate," said the lady. "Suppose you try them. My, but that water is good and cold! But you ought to have a well close by."

"A well would be mighty handy," agreed Arvilla, "if a body had the money to have one dug."

She put her flowers into a broken pitcher and set them on the water shelf on her front porch where she could gaze upon their beauty. "Now that the cholera's killed off the chickens," she meditated, "I might maybe plant the seeds by the gate next spring 'fore the weeds sprout. I'd love to see 'em growing!"

When the seed pods were quite dry she gathered them from the stalks and carefully put them away in an old envelope.

Arvilla had so few things on her mind that she would not be likely to forget her flower seeds. When the weeds were beginning to show signs of green at their roots, token of spring's approach, she dug them up on one side of the gate, loosened the rich earth and carefully planted her seeds.

"May be enough to set out the other side if the plants come up good," she decided, "and one side of the gate in weeds, and the other in flowers won't match. I better dig up the other, so if I do have plants to spare I can set it too."

She dug the weeds up by the roots and wondered why she hadn't done it before, it was so easy. And now all the ugly gullies began to be conspicuous—the washed clay holes and the sand bumps where stiff wire grass grew in ugly sparseness. Arvilla decided to dig up the yard and level it, fill in the holes and stop the gullies by making a trench for the water to run off when it rained. She did the task in her spare moments. She was rejoiced to see the tender green feathers of the larkspurs sprouting at last.

"They'll be prettier thick," said Arvilla regretfully, "so I'll let them stay this year; I hate to have just a thin, scattering line. Next spring I'll have plenty of seeds, and I can set out the other side."

They grew as luxuriantly as the weeds had grown, and they bloomed delightfully—pink, purple, white, lavender. Arvilla's heart beat faster with sheer joy as she viewed them.

Automobiles began to slow up occasionally as they passed; still Arvilla thought they laughed sometimes, and once she heard a voice say clearly: "Why on earth don't the people who live in that little house plant more flowers? Looks ridiculous to see just one little bed of larkspurs in that whole big yard."

"Just wait and see!" Arvilla said to herself. She would show them! Next year there would be plenty for another bed; both sides would be full; then they wouldn't laugh. And in time there would be more seeds. In imagination Arvilla saw her yard swimming in a soft sea of varied colors—pink, purple, white, lavender—and the broad walk from the gate, swept white, sprinkled thickly with gravel from the creek bed. The vision was beautiful! But to realize it would take time; the flowers had to mature to seed, and there must be enough seed to plant the yard. She began to wonder how many seasons it would take. Then with a start she realized that she had only to go to town and ask at a drug store for larkspur seeds; they would cost a little, but she would have some money left from her cotton crop.

Arvilla worked hard in her cotton; she kept it carefully cultivated, so that the sun matured it quickly, and she began to pick it with hope in her heart. All the time she was filling her sack she thought of seas of larkspur and the folks in the automobiles stopping to gaze admiringly. Maybe too she would have enough money to dig a well. A well would come handy, and she had heard that the well water in the vicinity was fine, cold and freestone. Yes, if there were enough money, Arvilla would dig a well, not in her glorified yard, but outside handy to the road. There should be a little shelter over it and a shelf for the bucket, where folks might help themselves; water ought to be free to everybody. And sometimes there were teams, and the horses would be thirsty; she would fix a trough too, so that they might quench their thirst.

It was a lovely thought, and Arvilla's fingers fairly flew as she picked the snowy lint; she would keep up with the opening bolls this fall and have all the lint classed as "good middling," which was the best grade. She had never before had anything but "good ordinary." She laughed gently,

thinking that this year was not like any other; she had the larkspur bed to brighten things, to create hope and to make "good middling" seem the only thing to have.

"Do you keep flower seeds?" asked Arvilla at the first drug store she entered; there was the pleasant feel of a full pocketbook in her pocket, for her cotton had brought the best price for the best grade. "I want larkspurs."

Only three packets were left; the clerk wrapped them up, and Arvilla wistfully eyed the soda fountain, thinking how good an ice cream soda would taste. But that would cost twenty cents, and she wanted more seed. No, she would get a drink of water and go on to the next drug store.

"Sow thickly when danger of frost is over," read the directions on the envelopes. Arvilla was glad to know that; she wouldn't thin them out, but just let them grow; but she must have plenty.

She made the rounds of the drug stores, buying their stock of larkspurs; town was hard to get to, and she must buy while she had a chance.

Winter is mild in that part of the country; Arvilla worked hard, turning up the earth, fertilizing, preparing it for the seeds. When spring came she intended to sow just as early as she could and with a generous hand; and she would add to her store the seeds already saved. She reckoned maybe the folks passing by wouldn't laugh any more!

"A mercy I happened to think about the seeds being for sale," mused Arvilla as she worked. "When old Cyrus Jones and his boys dig my well I reckon folks will stop—least they'll slack up some to view my posies and look at my new well with the cover and the shelf for the bucket and the trough dug out of poplar for the stock."

And sometime—sometime soon, she realized with an added thrill—there would be flowers to give! If only the lady who gave her the handful of blooms could pass by and stop and get a drink and a whole handful of larkspurs, Arvilla would be proud and happy!

"And maybe she'd stay to dinner and let me fry a chicken," she thought and then realized with a pang that she had no chickens; hers had died of cholera, caused, if she had only known it, by bad water and unclean quarters.

"It'll never do not to have chickens for company," decided Arvilla firmly, "I've got to fence in a back run for them."

So very early when the whole yard was a soft, smooth bed of larkspurs sleeping under the warm earth Arvilla did a thing she had never done before; she made a second trip to town. Heretofore she had gone only in the fall to sell her cotton. She had noticed the sign of a hatchery on a corner: "Baby chicks for sale." She intended to buy some and have them ready for the skillet when summer and automobiles came along once more.

The pocketbook was still fat, though she

had taken out the pay for the well. Cotton had brought a good price. Arvilla bought a basketful of baby chicks, the right kind for eating, the lady told her—Plymouth Rocks.

"Leghorns are for eggs, but I take it you want early fryers," said she, and Arvilla nodded proudly. Yes, she would want them for company, she said, and asked earnestly concerning their feed and care.

The sales girl gave her little pamphlet to study. "You just go by this, and you can't fail," she said; "it's what we do ourselves, and we are real successful."

Arvilla was successful with her chicks, for she gave them care, and she went by the booklet when in doubt. She engaged old man Jones and his boys to split her some palings from the pines on her piece of woods to fence in a chicken yard so the chickens should have a place for their run; they simply couldn't be allowed to scratch and lay and set and hatch in her front yard after the manner of her old "bundles of feathers." No, indeed!

Now the ground was showing tender green; the larkspurs were coming up in bounteous profusion! Also the well was finished—deep, cold, clear water with a little roof over it, a shelf for the bucket and a poplar trough for stock to drink from right by the roadside!

"Pity you hadn't thought of it before, Arvilla," observed Mr. Jones. "Would have saved ye many a step down to that spring."

"Ain't it so?" admitted Arvilla readily. "And it's so, that when you have one thought another jest naturally seems to follow. They come by themselves after a while, but that lady that gave me a bunch of posies did the starting off."

"Prettiest yard in the settlement," said the old man, "if they're like that bed by the gate you had last year."

"I'll give Mis' Jones some seeds come fall," promised Arvilla; she who had heretofore had nothing now would have something to divide with her neighbors! It was a pleasant thought.

When she had gone to town to buy the baby chicks Arvilla had noticed the gay blossoming of spring fabrics in all the shop windows. She had stopped at one store and had looked longingly at a clear lavender-and-white figured muslin that reminded her of the color of one of the larkspurs. It would be nice when summer came and the yard was the sea of bloom that she envisioned to sit on the porch Sunday evenings and be dressed to match her flowers. Impulsively Arvilla had bought it. Working nights, she had cut it out and made it of a decent fullness and a decent length with a lace collar in the neck and lace ruffles at the wrists. It was laid away in her bureau drawer, and when summer came she would wear it with her mother's old coral brooch to fasten the collar. She wouldn't disgrace her larkspurs by wearing the old, faded ginghams and homespuns, and her one black dress would be too hot and stuffy.

Arvilla planted her crop that spring with an eye to her table. Chickens were well enough, but there must be vegetables to accompany them. Hitherto she had had only cowpeas and collards; now she planted luxuries—snapbeans, a few rows of sweet corn, tomatoes and onions. She would have something besides greens.

Morning-glories too would look well on the sunny side of the porch, where the water pail rested on the little shelf, with the snowy gourd hanging on its nail. Mrs. Jones had plenty of seeds, and she gladly gave some to Arvilla. The morning-glories grew like the proverbial beanstalk in the rich soil that Arvilla prepared, and when the larkspurs were in bloom the morning-glories were a bower of star-sprinkled green over the porch.

And now indeed automobiles slowed up and stopped, and passengers got out to beg a drink or to offer to buy a bunch of larkspurs. Arvilla's heart swelled at the comments they made: "Oh, what a lovely garden—a riot of bloom—ought to be called 'Larkspur Cottage'! It is the sweetest little place on the road. And the well—lovely idea; such cold water!—a real boon to travelers."

Ardently Arvilla longed for the return of the lady; if she would only come and stay to dinner and have one of the Plymouth Rocks fried and accept a bunch of larkspurs to take away and, best of all, a drink right out of the well!

One day when the yard was at its prime—a waving wilderness of pastel hues—Arvilla's wish came true! A big automobile drew up at the gate, and her lady came in! It happened blissfully to be early in the day, and Arvilla was up with her field work; she

"Them—and you," replied Arvilla



had intended to stay all day in the house and after dinner to dress up in her lavender muslin and just sit at her ease with her knitting and watch her larkspurs, look at her well, admire her morning-glories and—look hopefully for her larkspur lady. And she had come!

"I knew you would!" exclaimed Arvilla happily. "Did you know the place—really right off?"

"I didn't indeed," said the lady, bewil dered; "why, it is a dream of beauty! And did my handful of larkspurs put all this into your head?"

"Them—and you," replied Arvilla, "and—I got a fat fryer in the coop, and you—all are going to stay to dinner with me and get a drink out of my well and a bunch of my posies."

There were only the lady and her husband; they agreed willingly, for they were on a

vacation. It would be a lovely way to spend a day.

After dinner when they were again on the porch Arvilla was dressed in her lavender muslin with the coral brooch; she wanted to look her very best.

The lady liked the dress and said that it made her think of the lavender larkspurs. "I like things to fit in," she said, smiling, and her husband, a big man with kindly eyes, laughed.

"How about a refreshment stand by the gate with a little arbor of morning-glory vines over it and a table with a big tray of ginger cookies and some cold lemonade?" he suggested. "Think it would fit in pretty nice, eh, mother?"

"Yes, indeed," declared the lady, aglow with the idea, and added that Arvilla was getting to the age where her work should be lighter. Of course people would stop to

admire the larkspurs and to get a drink of the water. And naturally they would love the cookies—real old-fashioned ginger ones—and the lemonade. She would have to get ice, but that would be a small matter.

"And in cold weather a sign at the gate—'Hot coffee and tea and cake,'" added the lady eagerly. "Think of that! Won't it be a nice way to make a living? And after a while, if you wish, get help."

"If—if so be I could make the things," said Arvilla humbly, "it would be jest wonderful, for I like people, and field work is getting hard."

"Of course you can make them," said the lady. "Why, I myself can show you how when you are ready to start. We live in Templeton, just fifty miles away, and can come out any time. Let me show you when we come back from our vacation."

When her company had gone Arvilla, in

the lavender muslin, sat long on her porch, gazing at the sea of waving flowers, and again she was dreaming: a little stand, folks eating, praising, paying good money, comfort, light work in her old age, maybe a nice girl to help and to be a daughter to her. Oh, it was a beautiful picture and one to come true!

Walking down her steps and out into the yard, she stood in the midst of the larkspurs; they waved their dainty heads, seeming to press against the lavender muslin to caress her with their blooms. Arvilla laughed aloud. "Pretties, if you could jest talk," she said whimsically, "I allow you'd all say, 'We did it!' And you did, that one handful of you the lady give me. And you are that pretty it makes my heart sing jest to look on you!"

At last Arvilla's eyes "were made for seeing"!

## THE TEST

By James Sharp  
Eldredge



RAWINGS BY  
F. STECHER

**T**HE lad's a geometrical figure," was the way Sergeant MacLaren described Private John M. O'Donnell. MacLaren was the first sergeant of the Fifteenth Observation Squadron of the Regular Air Service at Chalmers Field, Illinois, of which O'Donnell was one of the oldest and lowest-ranking members.

The sergeant was correct in his description too. O'Donnell was geometrical. From his feet to his head, a distance of some six feet and two inches, he was the straightest and narrowest human line ever drawn between two points. The rest of him was angles. O'Donnell's most outstanding characteristic was that he never worried about anything in the wide, wide world. Yet he was a good soldier. The knifelike creases of his spotless uniform, the twin mirrors of his shoes, even the angle at which his barracks cap sat his head, no single hair of which ever was permitted to grow beyond the regulation two-inch length, persistently defied criticism at inspection. And he was a good mechanic.

Johnny was not only a second-striper, but two years of his second enlistment had past. Therein lay the single thorn in his side. He had started his military career as a private, and a private he had remained. The two parallel, angular stripes that betoken the coveted rank of corporal were still a remote dream to him.

The peak of his authority had been reached when he was assigned a detail of two men and told to wash the windows of the south side of the barracks. Johnny had by dint of much judicious suggestion created a rivalry between his two charges before the work started. Then he had placed one member of his detail on the outside of the barracks and the other on the inside. The men had gone to work with a will, each determined to reach the end of the barracks first, and after seeing the pair safely at their labors Johnny had repaired to the comfort of his bunk and slept peacefully, secure in the knowledge that the work would be well done.

The detail quickly completed their task. Then, as they had nothing else to do, and as Johnny was absent in slumberland, they resumed their argument, which waxed hotter and hotter. Finally it became a long-distance battle with wet window rags as missiles. Buckets followed, and when the available supply of those was exhausted the natural consequence was a rough and tumble fight. Unfortunately that part of the engagement took place on the grass beneath the windows of the orderly room, and the first sergeant descended on them like an avenging Nemesis. The pair speedily were on their way to the guard house for a short visit; nor were they alone. Johnny was a prominent member of the party.

That was one of the main reasons why when his name afterwards came before the squadron commander for promotion the officer reluctantly shook his head. "O'Donnell is a good man," said Captain Clark, "but my noncommissioned officers must be capable of assuming responsibility."

The official pencil struck Johnny's name off the list, and a private he remained.

Johnny did not like to think of that incident. He was wholesomely sorry that it had occurred, but he did not permit himself to become discouraged.

Now, however, he had forgotten his troubles in the excitement of preparing for the aerial exhibition that Chalmers Field was to give. The purpose of the event was to acquaint the people of central Illinois with air-service work and to give them a better understanding of the functions of that arm. The programme was carefully planned. Bombing, aerial photography, radio demonstrations, air fighting, formation flying and many other events were rehearsed until the performers were letter perfect. The concluding event was to be a parade and review of all organizations on the field, for the commanding officer wanted to show the public that his mechanics were good soldiers.

O'Donnell received the assignment as orderly to the commanding officer on the great day. It was a detail that pleased him immensely, for he was right in the centre of things. His duties were light; for the most part he ran errands on the headquarters motorcycle and side car and carried various anxious officers to points of action on the field.

Late afternoon found Johnny seated on his machine by the operations office, a small two-story structure in front of which all the flying planes were lined up. The bulk of the spectators, some five thousand, were seated near the centre of the line of hangars two hundred yards east of the operations office, which was situated almost at the west end of the field.

Johnny was in a position to see everything and was enjoying himself hugely. The last flying event, a twelve-ship battle formation, was about to start; the planes were preparing to leave the ground. The sonorous chorus of their four-hundred-horse-power motors temporarily drowned all other sounds. The machine on the extreme right of the line, however, failed to start. With the exception of one man the crew had left it to assist the other planes in getting away. That man, a husky corporal, was stubbornly pitting his puny strength against the high compression of the powerful motor, but with little success. He was entirely alone; there was no one in the cockpit to help him.

"He's got her flooded," soliloquized Johnny. "Ought to know better. Foolish to start a motor without a man in the cockpit to handle the switches."

The mechanic climbed into the cockpit for perhaps the tenth time and opened the throttle a trifle more. Then he returned to the propeller and threw his weight against the blade. With the peculiar perverseness of its kind, the motor decided to start. And start it did, roaring at half speed in an instant. The big wheels strained against the blocks for a second and then climbed over them as the plane started for the hangar.

The terrified corporal made a frantic grab for the wing tip and succeeded in partly turning the plane. But it made matters worse. Instead of being headed so as to strike harmlessly against the walls of a building, the machine was going directly toward the crowd of spectators! At that inopportune moment the luckless mechanic stumbled and lost his hold.

The big machine began remorselessly to devour the distance that separated it from the helpless people, who in their efforts to scatter before it succeeded only in packing

themselves closer together and giving the scythe of that flashing propeller the best possible chance to reap an awful harvest. Some mechanics started after the runaway plane, but were plainly outdistanced, and the majority of those who stood in places of safety could only gaze in horror and await the inevitable catastrophe.

Suddenly a staccato popping was heard above the roar of the motor, and Johnny O'Donnell's motorcycle dodged through the crowd and headed for the plane—an ant pursuing an elephant!

The engine of destruction was barely seventy-five yards from the terrified mass of spectators when the motorcycle drew abreast of it. Johnny cut his ignition, giving the handlebar a push to send the machine toward the open flying field as he did so, and dove into the cockpit of the runaway. In a single movement he reached the rudder bar and drove it forward. Then he jerked the throttle closed.

The sudden application of the rudder made the machine "ground-loop," or whirl suddenly, almost in its tracks. The strain of the sudden movement was too great for the undercarriage, and it collapsed. The nose of the plane dug into the ground, and with a crash the machine flipped over on its back. The top of one wing was less than ten feet from the first line of huddled spectators.

Johnny dazedly pushed his way through the wreckage and, spitting out a tooth from between his swelling lips, tried to stand upright. Failing in that, he sat down with a grunt. Presently his eye encountered the face of the squadron commander bending over him, and he managed to grin. Captain Clark's face wore a curious expression.

"Think you are hurt very bad, O'Donnell?" he asked solicitously.

"No-o, sir," was the reply. "I'll be all right when I get my bearings—and my breath."

As soon as Johnny was able to stand upright Captain Clark spoke again; this time he used his official voice:

"Report to the barracks, O'Donnell, and freshen up for parade. We cannot afford to have a single man absent from the formation."

It was a disgusted Johnny O'Donnell who

stood in his customary position as number one of the first squad of the Fifteenth Squadron an hour later. Stiffly erect, but inwardly seething and aching, he presented arms as the National Anthem was played. Then the voice of the adjutant came down the line:

"Order-r-r arms! Attention to order-r-r-s! Private O'Donnell, front and centre!"

Puzzled but a soldier still, the aching Johnny slapped his rifle to his shoulder and took two precise steps forward, right-faced and began to march down the long khaki line to the adjutant. The officer acknowledged his salute and began to read from a sheet of paper that he held in his hand:

"Headquarters, Chalmers Field, Illinois, October 10, 1922. Special Order Sixty-Seven. In view of meritorious service in the past Private John M. O'Donnell, Fifteenth Observation Squadron, is hereby promoted to the grade of corporal. By Order of Major Marvin, B. T. Cullen, Adjutant."

The aches left Johnny's weary bones. The glow of the setting sun became more rosy. His salute had the snap of a West Pointer, and he faced about like a ramrod, but—

"One moment, corporal," came the voice of the adjutant, and he continued to read:

"Special Order Sixty-Eight. Corporal John M. O'Donnell is hereby disgraced as corporal—"

The officer cleared his throat.

If Johnny had been disgusted with the army when he was directed to prepare for the formation, his disgust then was nothing compared with his feelings now. The sun assumed a leaden hue, and his face turned a brilliant red as he realized the import of the officer's words. But the adjutant continued:

"And in recognition of service above and beyond the call of duty on the afternoon of October 10, when at great personal risk he saved the lives of many of the spectators at an aerial exhibition given at Chalmers Field on that date by diverting the course of runaway DH airplane Number 64361, is hereby promoted to the grade of sergeant."

The adjutant smiled. "Allow me to congratulate you, sergeant," he said. "You may take your place on the left of the commanding officer and witness the review."



Johnny dazedly pushed his way through the wreckage



*Franklin and His Kite*  
From a symbolic painting by Benjamin West

#### FACT AND COMMENT

TRY BEING CHEERFUL when your troubles are heaviest and see how much lighter they will become.

Fortune's Favors can be Cruel;  
Fires are choked by too much Fuel.

IT MAY TAKE all kinds of people to make a world, but it certainly seems as if it needn't take so many of some kinds.

THE OLD-FASHIONED HOME, said a recent speaker, surpasses all modern schools for the proper training of the young. Home should be a place where the theatre has a rival in home games and home companionship; where the radio may be heard, but not to the exclusion of family story-telling, reading and conversation; and where good music is always to be found.

A HUGE KORAN, evidently intended for use in a mosque, was sold at auction in London not long ago. The book is four feet tall and a foot thick and has wooden covers. Each page contains only ten lines of script, which is four inches high, and the borders are richly illuminated with floral designs. The whole book is covered with gold brocade. An Oriental bought it for two hundred pounds, and it will probably go back to its former home in the East.

THE FIRST INVENTOR to take advantage of the first national patent act, which Congress passed in 1790, was Samuel Hopkins of Vermont. His patent was for an improved method of "making pot and pearl ashes." In those days the potash industry was important. Potash, which was used in making soap and glass, was produced by leaching wood ashes and boiling down the lye. To make a ton of potash, which was worth about twenty-five dollars, the trees on an acre of ground had to be cut down and burned, the ashes leached and the lye evaporated in great iron kettles.

A CITRATE FACTORY is always an object of interest to tourists in Sicily. One that a traveler describes hummed with the industry of several hundred boys and girls who sat at long benches. With one stroke of the knife they cut a lemon in two and with two more strokes remove the pulp, which is then squeezed in a press. The juice is piped to vats where after it has been condensed by boiling it is mixed with slaked lime. The product is then baked and comes out as slabs of citrate of lime, which are shipped to the chemical factories of the world.

WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT golf was just beginning to be popular in Germany. It now seems likely to regain its old standing. The Berlin Golf Club, says a dispatch from that city, will soon open its new eighteen-hole course—an event that, even if it should please no one else, is sure to please the diplomatic corps in Berlin, especially the members of the American, the British and the Japanese embassy. The most flourishing golf club in Germany is at Bremen, where there are large American and English colonies of cotton merchants. Baden-Baden, Hamburg, Wiesbaden, Munich, Frankfort, Cologne and Dresden also have golf courses.

A COLPORTEUR, a Syrian now in this country, has traveled on a donkey for

thirteen years in Palestine and Syria, selling Bibles for the British and Foreign Bible Society. He has sold 1644 volumes, more than two thirds of which are written in Arabic. "Once on my way to Nazareth," he says, "I paid for a seat in a vehicle and among my fellow travelers found a robber in chains. I took out the Gospel in Turkish, which the robber understood; but, his hands being chained, he could not hold it, and so a soldier held it while the robber read aloud from the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke. He wanted the book, but he had no money; so the driver bought it for him."

#### DEBTORS AND CREDITORS

WE have just had fresh proof that the "allied debts," by which we mean the sums of money that the nations that fought against Germany and Austria borrowed from one another, make up a great problem that cannot be solved piecemeal, and that can never be got rid of except by a general arrangement to which all the allied nations, including the United States, are parties.

What started the latest discussion was the report that the French government had sent word to Washington that it should like to agree on terms for paying the \$3,000,000,000 that France owes the United States. The plan was for a moratorium of several years and then the refunding of the French debt into a long-term loan at a very low rate of interest, perhaps two per cent. The news had scarcely got into the newspapers when Mr. Churchill, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, was on his feet in Parliament, protesting against our allowing France a lower rate of interest than we are giving Great Britain and demanding that, if France begins to pay us, it should at the same time begin to pay what it owes Great Britain, which is also several billion dollars.

With regard to the protest, it is probably true that it has no legal justification. We can make separate and different terms if we like with each of our debtors, though it would be bad policy to do it. But Mr. Churchill's demand is no more than fair. Great Britain needs the money that it lent during the war even more than we need what we lent, and it is quite as much entitled to get it back. But, fair or not, Mr. Churchill's speech put an end to all talk about the French government's paying the debt it owes to us, for it does not think itself able to discharge both debts. Indeed, it is probably true that the French do not intend to pay their debt to Great Britain at all, since they regard that money as a kind of subsidy, such as in former wars the British have paid to their Continental allies, who have had to sacrifice more in men and to submit to having the war fought in their own front yards, as it were. Great Britain in turn is not unwilling to accept that view of the matter if the United States will also regard its foreign loans as subsidies. If it will not,—if Great Britain must pay us what it owes us, as it is already beginning to do,—then it will expect France and Italy to pay back enough of their loans to equal what Great Britain must pay us.

The United States is a factor in the equation, however it is stated. The European nations have pretty well made up their minds not to pay one another, and if there were none except European debts to pay they would soon agree to ignore them all. It is our gigantic claim against Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium—to name only the four chief debtors—that prolongs the discussion and delays a definite financial arrangement.

#### OUR IMITATIVE SPECIES

WHERE the sudden mania for cross-word puzzles originated no one may ever know. "Brain food" of that sort has been printed in the newspapers for a number of years without having attracted any special attention; but now, like the influenza or some other epidemic, it has overrun the country, and, like every other contagion, it ignores national boundaries. European papers now print cross-word puzzles for their readers. Canada calls for books of synonyms.

Every so often a fad of that sort appears. Last year it was mah jong. Next year it will be something else. At one time it was ping-pong; at another the "simple life." Man is a highly imitative creature. Ruskin once said

that a mob thinks by infection and catches an opinion like a cold.

There is nothing new in the prevalence of a fad, for fads have appeared in every period of history, and they are confined to no one age or sex or social rank. They are just human. Marie Antoinette got the French court to making butter and cheese at the Little Trianon and complained that her husband, Louis XVI, was too lazy to make hay. Every spring little girls begin to skip the rope, a thing they never do in the fall, and little boys begin to play marbles. They do it as naturally as the robins come back to listen for angle worms. Before the snow is half off the ground the first baseballs appear in the school yard at recess time, but no one kicks a football. One year high school and college students wear their arctics unbuckled and flap along like Shanghai roosters; another year garters suddenly become unpopular. Such vagaries cannot be accounted for, but the human tendency to imitate greatly simplifies the problem of government. If sheep did not follow a leader, shepherds would have a hard time of it.

"Those who have studied the characteristics of savage life," writes Prof. James Harvey Robinson in *Mind in the Making*, "are always struck by its deadly conservatism, its needless restraints on the freedom of the individual and its hopeless routine. Man is conservative by nature and readily generates restraints on himself and obstacles to change which have served to keep him in a state of savagery during almost his whole existence on the earth, and which still perpetuate all sorts of primitive barbarism in modern society."

But has not the natural conservatism of mankind, the fondness for being like other people, also helped to establish and perpetuate order and to disseminate the discoveries of the more enterprising members of the race? Fads are a form of mass education by the mass itself.

#### SOMETHING IN RESERVE

EVERYONE appreciates the advantage of having a reserve fund on which to draw in case of emergency. Not everyone understands that the principle of having something in reserve is capable of application to other than pecuniary matters, and that on the extent to which it is followed a man's satisfaction and happiness largely depend.

A great many people who have money in the bank lead none the less a hand-to-mouth existence. Their lives consist of routine, amusement, chatter. They are not storing up a reserve of interests to which they may turn when the routine activities that for the time being occupy them fail at some point. And eventually for everyone some of the routine activities of life fail or are discarded. When that happens many people find that they have no interests in reserve. To discover a taste and to cultivate it is to have something in reserve. To accumulate and organize information in some field of thought or knowledge is to have something in reserve. Indeed, the person who early begins to store up reserve interests soon begins also to discard the less fruitful activities. Thus he makes a saving at both ends of life.

The practice of having something in reserve may be carried out to advantage in social intercourse. To be sure, anyone who is wholly uncommunicative and unresponsive reveals himself as ungenerous, timorous and colorless; on the other hand, the person who opens up his heart and mind readily and completely to the inspection of his acquaintances is sure to be pronounced superficial and likely to be regarded as insincere. He may win the liking of people, yet not quite succeed in gaining their respect.

#### FRANKLIN AND HIS KITE

THE ordinary person—particularly the ordinary young person—likes his history in dramatic form. That is the only way in which he assimilates much of it. Plenty of people remember the story how Pocahontas saved the life of Capt. John Smith, but can tell you nothing else about that old hero of the young Virginia colony. Everyone knows Parson Weems's story of George Washington and the cherry tree, but not everyone is familiar with the much more important story of George Washington's dealings as President with the French Revolutionaries and their emissary in the United States.

Benjamin Franklin, flying his kite in the thunderstorm, is the Benjamin Franklin we all know. Many of us know little else of moment about him.

But the scholar and the professional historian distrust these bits of drama. They are always poking into the evidence and finding it insufficient. The story of the cherry tree they long ago branded as a myth invented by Parson Weems for "instructive" purposes. Some of them have given excellent reasons for doubting John Smith's own tale of his rescue from the hands of the executioners by the Indian maid; though we have always had a warm spot in our hearts for John Fiske, that most human of historical writers, who defended to the last the old adventurer's veracity. Now learning, in the person of Professor McAdie, the director of the Blue Hill meteorological observatory, tells us that we must give up the story of Franklin's flying a kite made of a silk handkerchief into a thunder cloud and charging a Leyden jar with the electricity that he thus drew from the air. Professor McAdie says that there is no good evidence that Franklin ever performed the experiment, though he described in a letter to a friend how it might be done; and he adds that, if he had really tried it in a thunderstorm, he would not have got the results that he expected and would probably have got a shock that would have killed him.

This is a blow at one of the most cherished of American traditions. Everyone has accepted the Franklin story for a century and a half. You will find it in all the books about Franklin and in a great many of the books about electricity. The government once decorated a bank note with a picture of the famous scene.

Ben Franklin without his kite would still be a great man,—one who did many great and interesting things,—but as a popular hero he would have got a knock-down blow. He still stands fairly firm on his feet, however, for there are plenty of men of science who do not agree with Professor McAdie, and who think the story credible and well authenticated. Something of the kind must have happened. According to Dr. Stuber, who wrote a life of the philosopher-statesman, Franklin described the episode at length to him. Certainly the French people believed it during Franklin's lifetime. Turgot—or was it D'Alembert?—made a famous epigram about Franklin's "snatching the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants." Perhaps the conditions were not quite what we have imagined they were. Professor McAdie admits that the results that Franklin describes could be got on a clear day or when electrical disturbances were a long way off. Perhaps the thunderstorm has grown during the hundred and fifty years that it has been talked about; stories have a way of growing with repetition. We may have to give up the big, black, angry storm cloud full of restless lightning flashes that we used to see on the old ten-dollar bill. But we must respectfully decline to give up the rest of the story. We have believed it too long, and it is too good a story anyway.

#### CABINET OFFICERS IN CONGRESS

A PARLIAMENTARY government like that of Great Britain or France, in which the officers of state are merely a great committee of the legislature dependent on a parliamentary majority for their authority, is one thing; a government like ours, in which executive and legislature are separated by the rigid provisions of a written constitution, is quite another. Some one is always discussing the relative advantages or disadvantages of the two types of government, but no one has yet found a way to have the advantages of both with the disadvantages of neither.

One suggestion that has frequently been made in this country is that the members of the Cabinet, without having a vote in either house of Congress, should have the right to go upon the floor of either house to explain the policies of their departments, advocate bills in which they are interested and answer questions concerning affairs within their province. A good many eminent men have approved the idea—Presidents Garfield, Taft and Wilson for example, and Secretaries Blaine, Hughes and Long. Most men who have filled Cabinet offices have favored it, for they have learned by experience how difficult it is to establish really intelligent and sympathetic cooperation between Congressmen and department officials; but so

far the discussion has never got beyond the academic stage.

It is probable, however, that, owing to the conditions that have arisen since the budget system of appropriations came into use, we shall hear the proposal advocated with greater energy than ever. Before that time Congress appropriated money on its own responsibility, with scant regard to the relative importance of the various measures and often without much effort to fit the expenses of the government to its revenues. The budget system has been a great improvement in that respect, but it is evident that a budget cannot work well unless it is drawn up by the men who are to spend the money, and who know what they must have or should like to have and the purposes for which they want it. The budget must be an executive budget, though Congress must pass upon it and enact it.

Now it is argued that the authority of Congress over the budget makes it essential that the officials who make and must administer it should have the right to go before Congress itself—not a committee merely—in order to explain and defend the estimates that they have made; and it is added that, if the privilege were granted, the Secretary of State should have the right to go before the Senate—which fills a peculiar rôle in the field of foreign affairs, since it must ratify or reject all treaties—and explain to the Senators in a body the policies that he is pursuing.

We can see many ways in which the plan would strengthen the coherence and the flexibility of our government, but like all human institutions the working of it would depend greatly on the men who were charged with carrying it into effect and on the spirit that animated them. It should bring Congress and the executive closer together, but in actual practice it might drive them farther apart; for so long as the two departments of government remain organically separate there will be jealousy and rivalry between them, especially when they happen to be controlled by different parties. Indeed, we are inclined to believe that that jealousy will always be strong enough to prevent the adoption of the plan.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS GIRLS

*will particularly enjoy our next serial story. It is entitled "Beloved Acres" and describes plucky Beth Craymore's fight to save her dead father's great ranch from Merceau, a powerful and unscrupulous neighbor. Lively incident, capital characters—Beth herself, her artistic brother and Clotide, the affected, spiteful daughter of Merceau—and a picturesque background of California mountain and plain make the story unusual and interesting. It begins in the issue for Feb. 12.*

### RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

If you will let us have your renewal before your present subscription expires, you not only will be doing us a great favor but will avoid the possible loss of some issues, for we can print only enough copies each week for our regular subscribers. Please do not let your name be dropped from the mailing list even temporarily. Renewal Offers sent you a few weeks ago are still open, and The Companion Home Calendar is a gift to all renewing subscribers who ask for it.

PERRY MASON COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS



## CURRENT EVENTS

THE Registrar-General reports that the birth rate in England and Wales, which forty years ago was about 33.5 a thousand, dropped last year to scarcely more than 19 a thousand. No doubt the destruction in the war of a million young men who might otherwise have become husbands and fathers has had something to do with the diminished birth rate, but the rate did not begin to fall with 1914. It has been steadily decreasing ever since the ninth decade of the last century. It so happens that the death rate has fallen almost as fast, so that the population of England continues to increase. It is a fact not usually understood that the stationary population of France is not owing so much to the low birth rate as to the failure of the

French to reduce the death rate as other highly civilized countries have reduced it. To take the year 1921 as an illustration, there were more children born in France than in England and Wales—850,000 to 848,000. But there were 696,000 deaths in France as against only 458,000 in England and Wales. The French death rate is nearly 20 a thousand. That of the United States is only about 12 a thousand.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI has "about faced" once more and now proposes to abolish the curious electoral law that he put through a year ago and to return to something like the former system of voting. The present law guarantees the plurality party in an election two thirds of the seats in Parliament, even though it may have a decided minority of all the votes. It is apparent that Signor Mussolini thinks the period when Fascism could govern with the strong arm is passing, and that he is attempting to placate the strong opposition that his dictatorial methods have built up among the Italian electorate.

ACCORDING to the final crop report for 1924 the total value of all agricultural products was in the neighborhood of \$12,000,000,000. The largest part of the \$753,000,000 increase over the total for 1923, has gone to the American wheat growers, who have had good crops, whereas almost every other wheat-exporting country has had poor crops. It is a situation that cannot be expected to repeat itself this year; but one of the effects of the present high price of wheat is an increase of some six per cent in the area planted to winter wheat.

THE Treasury supply bill presented to the House of Representatives provides in all something like \$20,000,000 for enforcing the Volstead Act—\$11,000,000 for the expenses of enforcement on land and \$9,000,000 for the work of the Coast Guard against the rum fleet and the whiskey privateers.

CONFIDENT that we are wasting almost as much oil as we are using, the President has asked the Secretaries of the War, Navy, Interior and Commerce Departments to act as an oil-conservation board to study the whole subject in cooperation with representatives of the oil-producing companies. Under the present system of leasing and royalties it is almost impossible to preserve the supply of oil by pumping only what the market actually requires, for neighboring wells can and often do draw off or "capture" oil that does not actually underlie their land. In self-defense everyone is obliged to keep his wells drawing all the time. The result is over-production and waste.

IN the lecture rooms of the University of Paris they are now using motion pictures of experimental operations on animals instead of performing the actual operations before the students in medicine. The purpose is to reduce to the minimum the practice of vivisection, which is to be permitted only for original research. The pictures have other advantages too, for they can be run as slowly as the operator desires and repeated as often as he thinks necessary.

AMONG the monumental buildings that are planned for the Mall that stretches across the city of Washington from the Capitol to the Washington monument is the Museum of Engineering and Industry. The building will cost \$5,000,000 and will have an endowment fund of about the same amount. The trustees intend to make the central rotunda a national hall of fame for inventors, engineers and pioneers of industry.

REAT BRITAIN did not respond with any enthusiasm to the suggestion of a levy on capital, which the Socialists and the Labor party recommended as a means of paying off the national debt; but its high scale of death duties—reaching as high as forty per cent on great fortunes—is hardly to be distinguished in principle from a capital levy. Lord Masham's large estate has changed hands twice within a year, owing first to the death of Lord Masham himself and then to the death of his widow. The government collected heavy death duties on each occasion, and as a consequence the estate has shrunk within the twelve months to less than half its original size.



## Little engines that burn up energy

3 out of 10 "run down" because their fuel supply  
is not equal to their needs

"LITTLE bundles of energy"—that's the way we think of active children. As we watch them play they seem to us inexhaustible.

And yet they're not. In fact, 3 out of 10 are suffering from exhaustion. You can see them in any school—poor tired little tots; listless, underweight, because undernourished!

This does not mean that they do not have enough to eat. It means they do not have the right things to eat. Dr. W. A. Evans, nutrition authority of Chicago, states that one of the greatest causes of undernourishment is an *improper breakfast*!

A child should have a good nourishing breakfast of food known to be very rich in energy and very easy to digest. And for such food you need look no farther than good old Cream of Wheat!

In Cream of Wheat you get a vital store of energy nourishment because it is so rich in carbohydrates or

energy-giving elements. And it is so easily and quickly digested! In fact, digestion of Cream of Wheat begins in the mouth.

It is this combination of rich energy and easy digestibility—a combination not often found in foods—that nutrition authorities specially value in Cream of Wheat.

For an energy-breakfast then—Cream of Wheat cooked with dates, prunes, raisins, or figs! It is perfectly delicious—rich, creamy with a delicately blended flavor of fruit and grain. Or you may prefer it with butter and salt. Children love it with brown sugar, syrup or fruit sauce.

*Two interesting booklets for you—FREE*  
We have a splendid new book of helpful information on feeding children. And our recipe booklet gives 50 delightful ways to serve this fine energy food. We will gladly send both free; mail coupon.

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- Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."
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- Please send me sample box of Cream of Wheat for which I enclose 5¢ to cover postage.

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# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

## A LAZY WAY

By Dorothy Arnold Baldwin

*What lots of trouble it would save  
If you and I were flowers;  
We'd turn our faces to the sky  
And have them washed by showers!*



## THE KING'S KITCHEN

By Mildred Houghton Comfort

ON and Clon were to have charge of the King's kitchen while the King went on a long journey. Although they were very small, the wise ruler thought that they should learn how to run things. Their work was to give food from the kitchen to all the hungry people who passed through the happy land.

"Always give!" said the King as he departed. "Do not be afraid to give."

Early the next morning a ragged beggar stopped outside the iron gates and shook them rudely.

"Hurry!" he yelled, "for my stomach is empty."

Clon opened the gate while Don brought meat, bread and fruit for the beggar. They served it on the wooden table in the courtyard. Although the beggar ate until the little boys feared he would burst, never a word of thanks did he say.

A gardener on his way from town with an empty wagon stopped and asked for lunch. He had had nothing to eat since he had gathered his vegetables and taken them to town to sell; so he was very hungry and ate almost as much meat as the beggar had eaten.

A hunter passed that way and said the outdoor life always made him as hungry as a bear. Don and Clon both carried food to him. The King's cooks were busy every minute.

So it went all day long. There were farmers and merchants, laborers and idlers—all sorts of people. Everyone ate all he wanted and departed without a word of thanks.

When evening came Clon ran down to the gate to let in the beggar of the morning. Don hurried out of the kitchen.

"Are you hungry again?" he asked.

The beggar's big mouth opened in a wide grin. "Oh, no!" he said. "I'm filled up for the day. I just stepped in to leave these."

Then he dumped a great sackful of fresh mushrooms on the clean, stone courtyard. Clon ran for pans in which to put them while Don picked up the stray ones that had rolled away.

After the boys had carried the delicious gift of food to the kitchen they went back to thank the beggar. But he had gone.

About noon the next day the gardener appeared with a load of fresh vegetables and fruits. He said he had sold all that the town people wanted, and these were for the King's kitchen. When the boys tried to thank him, he said it wasn't necessary, although he was glad that they were pleased.

The next day the hunter appeared with a great wild boar that would supply the table with meat for many days to come.

So it went all day long. Everyone who came, it seemed, left some present or other. It was their way of saying, "Thank you."

"The kitchen just about runs itself," laughed Don.

"Yes," agreed Clon. "But think how much we should save for the King if we charged something for the meals."

"That's true," Don admitted. "But the King told us to give."

"The King expects us to do what we think best," insisted Clon. "We could try my idea anyway, couldn't we?"

"Yes, we could try," Don said.

When the beggar came again Clon told him he would have to pay for the food he ate. The beggar was surly and said he would eat somewhere else.

The gardener was more pleasant. He paid for his dinner, but he did not seem to enjoy it.

The hunter scowled when he laid his coins on the big wooden table and went slowly on his way. Clon noticed that he had left the greater part of his food on his plate.

When the evening came Clon ran down to the gate to see the beggar pass by. In one hand the beggar carried a bulging sack, and in the other herbs that the royal cooks liked to use in soups.

"Good evening," cried Clon pleasantly, but the beggar merely grunted and went on. The following morning the gardener's wagon was heaped high with radishes, onions, turnips, potatoes and peas. On the seat beside him were little baskets full of berries. "He'll have ever so much left over," cried Don, "even after he has sold all that the townspeople want."

But the gardener must have taken another road home. The boys did not see him again all day.

They did see the hunter. Slung over his back were several pheasants. Now Don and Clon liked pheasants better than anything else, and they told the hunter so. But he paid no attention. He laid the pheasants down for a minute on the clean, stone courtyard, and Don thought he was going to leave them. But he was just resting. He picked them up again and went along.

So it went day in and day out. The kind people who had brought presents to the King's kitchen did not come any more.

"What shall we do?" cried the cooks sadly. "This is the first time such a thing has ever happened. Our larders are empty."

"It's my fault," wept Clon.

"Mine too," cried Don. "We must go back and do as we did at first—feed all that come free," Don decided. "I shall start out and tell them," offered Clon.

As soon as the people heard that the King's

kitchen was to be managed as the King had always managed it they went back there to eat, and they brought presents, just as they had always brought them. And when the King returned the larders were full enough to satisfy even him.



## ABOUT THE CROW SOLDIER OF FORT WINGATE

By Frances Margaret Fox

LONG years ago at Fort Wingate in New Mexico there lived a crow that doubtless thought he was a soldier. He could not remember his baby days when he had lived in the desert mountains with his father and mother. He could not even remember when he was brought to the fort to become the pet of Company I of the Thirteenth Infantry.

In the fort were six companies of infantry, four troops of cavalry and a troop of Indian Scouts. Each of the companies had pets of its own, especially dogs and cats.

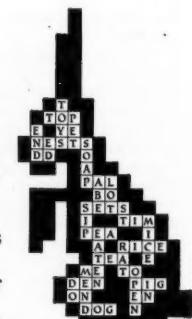
The crow that belonged to Company I had the best of military training and was the delight of all the children in the fort. Always when this fine crow, dressed in his glossy black uniform, heard the bugle call for evening parade he flew across to the commanding officer's quarters to review the troops.

He always stood quietly until his own company swung into line and then he joined the soldiers of his company who were known as file closers. He walked and fluttered and flew along on the outside line and kept his own time with the music of the band. When

## HER FAVORITES

By M. L. H.

My favorite dress I must confess Is not my red or blue or pink (They're fine, I think), But I like climbing trees and walls— My favorite dress is overalls! My favorite hat has nothing on it; It's just my everyday sunbonnet. My favorite summer shoes, you say? Ha! I go barefoot all the day!



barracks and watch for a high-stepping dog or cat to come walking across the parade ground; then down he would swoop and peck at the dog or the cat and send the poor creature back to its own company crying. That was cowardly, to be sure, but it wasn't so bad as breaking commandments.

At last one day the Third Lieutenant saw the front door of the commanding officer's house wide open. Straight across the parade ground flew the crow, and into the house he went. No one saw him enter, no one saw him go into the commanding officer's room and alight upon a table.

On the table were important papers that had to do with the business of the government at Washington.

The crow picked up a bottle of ink and poured it in black rivers over all the papers. Then he picked up the commanding officer's spectacles. Perhaps he didn't intend to steal the spectacles, but he heard footsteps and knew that he had better leave the commanding officer's headquarters about as fast as he could travel; so he flew with the spectacles to the top of a scraggly old tree and hid them.

At evening parade that night the Third Lieutenant was missing, and every man in Company I was sad at heart; the children were grief-stricken. The commanding officer had pronounced a just sentence on their pet crow. The officer was a kind and merciful man and therefore did not say that the crow must be shot at sunrise; he merely sent word to Company I that the crow must leave the fort immediately and nevermore be seen within the gates. If ever again he ventured inside Fort Wingate, he must die.

Thus it came about that the Third Lieutenant was sent to prison for life. At a milk ranch a few miles away a huge out-of-doors cage was built for him, like the cages in which parrots live. There the crow soldier served out his sentence. To be sure, he was well cared for, and the garrison children often came to tell him the news of the fort, but how often, when the wind was in the right direction and the distant bugle calls came through the clear air even to his prison, how often he must have wished that he had kept the short commandment: "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL!"

## A SWAN BOAT

By Robert Palfrey Utter

What fun to be a baby swan With mother's back to ride upon, In the placid pond afloat Like a fleece-lined motor boat.

## TRAVELING LIGHT

By Minnie Leona Upton

Mister Robin and his wife have started south once more. They didn't shut a window, and they didn't lock a door! They didn't take a traveling-bag or lunch or anything! Just took themselves! And said, "Cheerup! We'll be back next spring!"

## MUTUAL ASSISTANCE

By Mattie Lee Hausgen

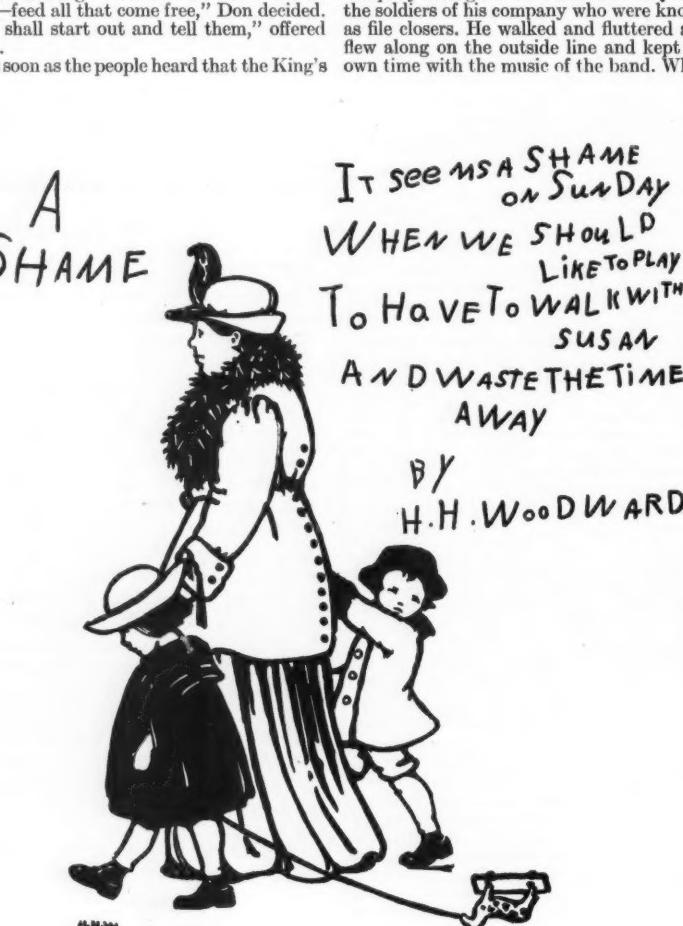
"Dear Little Miss Muffet," sighed Little Bo-Peep,  
"I wish you would help me to find my sheep."  
"I will," said Miss Muffet,—her blue eyes stared wider,—  
"If you will first help me to frighten this spider."

the parade was over he marched to supper with his own troops.

The soldiers of Company I were so proud of their pet that they made an officer of him; they called him their Third Lieutenant. It isn't likely that the crow ever found out that there is no such officer in the American army.

Military rules are strict. Even an army crow has to do what is right or be punished, and the Third Lieutenant at last committed a serious crime and came to a sad end.

He enjoyed tormenting the pets that belonged to other companies. He used to perch in one of the small trees in front of the adobe



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## SLEIGHING SONG



By Julia Grace Wales

*Up with the rein and away  
And into the starlit night;  
Out into a snow-clad land of light.  
Sing, sing,  
Sing to the hurrying wind.  
The sleeping town we have left behind.  
Our hoof-falls clatter along the bridge;  
From over the rapid the wind blows chill.  
And black in the ice the waters curl.  
Around to the long white road we whirl;  
The moon mounts high o'er the wind-swept ridge;  
Good night to spire and cottage and mill.  
Away, away,  
Do you hear our sleigh bells ring?  
Away, away,  
Do you hear our sleigh bells ring?  
  
Our farmstead lies afar,  
Far over the open road;  
Our shaggy steeds rock not of the load.  
Sing, sing,  
Sing to the shining sky.  
Deep in the furrows the shadow lies.  
By many a tranquil home we glide,  
By thrifty barn and sheltering tree.  
Good folks, do you heed in your dreams and know  
How the moonlight falls on the glittering snow,  
How the rim of the pine wood is black beside,  
And over the wood the clouds sail free?  
  
Afar, afar,  
Do you hear our sleigh bells ring?  
Afar, afar,  
Do you hear our sleigh bells ring?  
  
One more mile and home;  
Our home lies over the hill,  
In the darkling valley snug and still.  
Sing, sing,  
Sing to the frost and the cold,  
To the curling smoke and the shielding fold.  
Ah, bitterly cold the moonbeam shines.  
Our long blue shadow runs before.  
Now on' more plunge through the whirling snow;  
Then see from the gate the light turned low,  
The drifted fence and the laden pine.  
And the dear black square of our own barn door.  
Home, home,  
Do you hear our sleigh bells ring?  
Home, home,  
Do you hear our sleigh bells ring?*



## A PROMISING PRESCRIPTION

"I DON'T know what we're coming to, I'm sure," said the business man as he and the minister sat waiting on the hotel veranda for news concerning a threatened strike. "The world seems to be crazy these days, and no one seems to know the cure for our troubles."

"I ran across something the other day that sounded good to me," the minister said.

"What was it?"

"Just this simple sentence, 'Ye must be born again.'"

"Humph! That's from the Bible, isn't it?"

"It's a mystical sort of thing that no one has ever fully understood, seems to me. I fear it is too difficult to understand."

"Prescriptions," the minister replied, "are usually a bit difficult to interpret. But it is seldom necessary that the patient shall understand the doctor's Latin. Why do I think this prescription promising? Well, for one thing because it goes to the root of the trouble. Men are blaming the ills of the world to various secondary causes—ignorance, wrong laws, wrong distribution of wealth, wrong surroundings, wrong social customs, and so forth. Now none of these things lie at the root of the matter. At bottom what is wrong is man himself. If laws and social customs are wrong, man made them so. If there is ignorance, if there is injustice, man makes it. If there are surroundings in which man cannot thrive, they are surroundings that man has made. Fundamentally man himself is wrong, and this prescription in its very first word strikes at the root of the trouble."

"You believe then that the problem is a religious one?"

"Fundamentally it is. It is man's nature, his disposition, that is wrong. Education will not cure our ills. We do not sin through ignorance alone. What is needed is a new spirit, and a new spirit is just what this prescription proposes to give us."

"But will it work?"

"It does work. Take Jerry McAuley, river pirate, thief, probably a murderer. You have heard that he was transformed into a valuable citizen who went out to save other human wrecks. What did it? This prescription. Valentine Burke, the burglar, through trying this prescription became a trusted deputy of the law he had once flouted. These are only two out of countless instances."

"Granted that it works in the cases of individuals, that does not prove that it will cure the ills of society."

"Doesn't it? What is society but an aggre-

gation of individuals? How can you change society except by changing the individuals? The process is slow, I grant, but it is sure. And do you know any other proposed remedy as promising as this?"

"To be frank with you," said the business man, "I do not."



## HIS TERRIBLE FISTS

LIVE SCHREINER, the distinguished South African novelist, was deeply and passionately opposed to war and violence. But she was often vigorous to the point of violence in her own behavior, for she was one of the most impulsive and vehement of women. She was, however, fortunately blessed with a sense of humor. Characteristic and amusing is a scene described by her husband, Mr. S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner, in his recent biography of his wife. She was at the time engaged to Mr. Schreiner, but at the moment she was in England, and he in South Africa. A rumor of the engagement had, however, reached her English friends.

"On one occasion when two or three of her closest women friends were present, nearly all averse to her marrying at all," says Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, "she was asked what sort of man she contemplated marrying. She produced my portrait and said: 'That is the man!'

"Having examined it carefully,—and adversely no doubt,—they asked for more information about me; then Olive staggered them by saying: 'He's a man who can knock eight men down with his fists one after the other!' And she said it with every sign of joy and admiration; she, the opponent of all force, was the champion of the nations!

"Her friends were inexpressibly shocked and were absolutely staggered when Olive began to dance round the room, awkwardly brandishing those little fists of hers that never struck anything, throwing her arms up, punching the air and generally giving an astonishing display of the 'noble art.' They gazed at her, bewildered and in silence, and then with cries of 'O Olive! Olive!' went off into uncontrollable shrieks of laughter; and while they held their sides and rocked and the tears were running down their cheeks Olive pranced round the room with her little fists doubled, repeating: 'That's him! That's the way he does it! Eight men (it might have been eighty for all she cared!) knocked down one after another, all in a row! Like this! Just with his fists!'

"It was a capital way of breaking the news gently. After that they could not ask her any question about me without losing their gravity and going off into violent laughter.

"Of course not! Nor could those who disapproved remonstrate; her objection to the idea of the mighty masculine was too comically obvious. But as a matter of fact those eight victims were mythical. The only time I wanted to knock a man down while she was at the farm—he was a powerful Kafir who had asked for trouble and was about to get it—she smuggled him away and hid him!"



## SOUVENIRS FROM THE HEAVENS

AN ex-service man who trained at an aviation camp in Tennessee during the late war tells this laughable story:

A flier got hold of a huge crawfish of a species that thrive in that region, daubed it with aluminum paint and hung the ghastly thing up in the barracks where all might see. Being a joker with an exuberant imagination, he labeled his exhibit a "cloud fly," swarms of which he learnedly informed his fellows lurked in the clouds through which the practice aeroplanes sometimes passed. The gases from the motor exhaust, he explained, asphyxiated many of the weird and monstrous insects, some of which fell dead on the aeroplanes and were thus brought to earth. As most of the men were new to those parts, the remarkable bit of natural history for a time received wide and wondering currency among them. The better-informed of course kept the joke gaily to themselves.

But it was not long before a joker among the greenhorns showed that he understood by suspending beside the crawfish a bottle of milk labeled: "Splinter from the Milky Way, knocked loose by a whirling aeroplane propeller."

Soon another understanding and humorous recruit contributed to the hanging display a bunch of bright yellow straws, accompanied by this placard legend: "Golden sunbeams entangled by wings of soaring plane and brought down."

And a fourth humorist, not to be outdone, added to the accumulated specimens a sheet of glittering tinfoil with this caption: "Bit of silver lining from dark clouds, snatched by aviator."



## LIBELLING TY COBB AND MR. WELLS

THE difficulty of printing Western names in Japanese types, says the Living Age, arises because the Japanese Gojiun, or "Fifty Sounds," do not include such sounds as l, th, v, er, ir and ur.

In the Kana, or syllabic writing, a rough system of equivalents for the Roman letters has been worked out. It is not satisfactory,

but it is the best that can be done. A name like Ernest is represented in Kana as Ahnesuto. President Wilson was Uiruson. President Coolidge is disguised as Kurisiji—an appellation that would evoke no response in the hills of Vermont. The American ambassador who recently resigned, Mr. Woods, became popular as Uuu in Japan, and the American Consul-General Stewart has been transformed into Suchiawito. Japanese students of American literature know the author of the Scarlet Letter as Hason. The polar explorer Dr. Cook was called Kukkdu—but no self-respecting person would condescend to pun about it.

Ty Cobb becomes Kabu in Japanese, but unfortunately kabu means turnip. Mr. H. G. Wells becomes Uerusu, which in Japanese means "top absent," or "lacking in the upper story"—a coincidence that may give satisfaction to Mr. Wells's archenemy, the English dramatist Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, but that will certainly offend the numerous Oriental users of Mr. Wells's textbook of zoology.



## MR. PEASLEE CASTS JUDGMENT ASIDE

MOST of the time," observed Caleb Peaslee, rubbing one leg furtively, "I realize that I've lived long 'nough to see a lot of changes—from ox teams and horses to automobiles and from whale-oil lamps to electric lights. But the biggest change I've seen is from a boy fifteen year old to a stiff-jointed old man sixty-seven."

"What's allin' ye t'day special?" demanded Deacon Hyne. "You look 'bout the same's common fur'r I can make out."

"I ain't feelin' same's common jest the same," said Caleb acidly. "And it's all on 'count of my f'gitin' that time ain't stood still with me."

"Girls ain't the same neither," he went on complainingly. "In my young days girls was sort of feeble critters, to compare 'em with boys; they didn't have these here gymnasiums and other means of hardenin' their muscles."

"I's posse that's so like 'nough,'" admitted the deacon.

"You can be sure of it," asserted Caleb, "if you feel like takin' my word for it. And now I'll tell you what an old fool can be like if he casts judgment one side and sets out to see how big a fool he can make of himself."

"Whenever me and my wife have visited our folks in the city," he explained, "the young folks have always made me tell 'em of the good times we young fellers used to have here in the country when we was growin' up—the places we used to go and the campin' trips we had and the long jaunts off after fish and the like of that. Time after time I've told 'em over till they could repeat 'em word for word as well as me—mebbe better f'r all I know."

"Well, here two-three days ago one of my nieces—grand-niece, ruther—come on to spend a week or two with us, and yest'day she was bound sh'd see some of the places sh'd heard me tell about times when I've been at her house in the city. So she come down to breakfast all rigged in a short skirt and thick shoes, ready to start. And, thinkin' I might've went git it done and over with, I was weak and unthinkin' 'nough to f'git my years and tell her we'd make a day of it!"

He sighed and rubbed his other leg. "We sartainly did!" he observed.

"Come to git our lunch packed and her cape in case it rained and a blanket to set on and some glasses for lookin' at things fur off and a few other knick-knacks, it made a sizable pack, though when I hove it up on to my shoulders, ready to start, it didn't weigh ponderous, and I comforted myself with thinkin' that she, bein' a girl, would git tuckered b'fore we'd gone far 'nough to make the pack a burden to me. But little I known then! I ketched sight of my wife lookin' at me 'sif she was minded to say somethin', but she never spoke a word then. I wish," he added plaintively, "that she'd sometimes say a word beforehand when she would do some good 'stead of sayin' so many afterwards when I don't care to listen to 'em."

"Well," continued Caleb, "we started—and of all the jaunts! Mebbe I may have done it when I was fifteen or so; she says I did, and she give me chapter and verse of how I've told it to 'em; but that was fifty years ago. You know how warm and sunny it was yest'day; well, I hadn't been travelin' half an hour when I'd begun to wish we hadn't took so much dunnage; I'd been grateful to've lightened the load by so much as them glasses. And b'fore we'd kivered another mile my knee began to plague me, and all that kep' me up was the thought that a girl couldn't stand much more of it, and she'd wilt and want to rest.

"But she didn't; she kep' goin' till well past noon b'fore she even mentioned eatin', and we hadn't more'n swallowed it b'fore she was at me to start again. She wanted to see the old stone bear trap I'd told her about—a good three miles away and all rough travelin'. I managed to git my pack up, though I could hear my jints squeak, and we set off again.

"Lysander," Caleb said soberly, "that girl took me in places I'd forgot I'd ever seen, tellin' me word for word what I'd told her and her folks about 'em; and she tramped me a good twelve miles doin' it. I managed to last the day out, but that was about all."

"And 'stead of goin' in the gate when we got home she put one hand on the top of the fence

and went over it as light and limber as a deer would jump it. And me lookin' at her, so tired and wore out I could hardly shove one foot forward of the other to git to the door stone!"

"And this mornin' when I asked my wife why she didn't have sense 'nough to forbid me bein' such a fool she only said she'd tried both ways and this one was the surest. And then she said somethin' 'bout experience bein' a dear school—one I didn't stop to hear her out."

"Hum!" said the deacon.

"I sh'd say 'Hum!'" said Caleb peevishly.



## A MYSTERY EXPLAINED

A READER from Georgia who saw in THE Companion the article entitled the Mystery of Scent thinks he can explain without any difficulty the facts that seemed so incomprehensible to Miss Somerville.

Everyone, he says, knows of the cunning of Reddy Fox. Although some of his pranks are exaggerated, many of the sly tactics he seems to employ are such in fact. Some, however, are explainable on perfectly natural grounds. When Miss Somerville speaks of the bounds' not "opening" at the place where the fox had lain she has come upon a perfectly common phenomenon. Good dogs never open until the trail is straightened. The dogs of course smelled his scent, but then they probably circled the place, trying to find the direction he had taken. If you have ever seen a rabbit dog come upon a rabbit bed you will remember that he pricked up his ears and smelled into it, but did not "open" until he had the trail straight or had seen the rabbit going at full speed down a cotton row.

The burnt furze also may have distracted the bounds' attention, for they knew as well as the fox did that they could not trail him across it. That is because the fine ashes fill the bounds' nostrils and cause a good deal of pain. However, after a rain the dogs can trail over burnt ground well enough. When the dogs found the trail across the burnt place they showed they were ready for business by "opening" with their familiar hunting yelps. Had Reddy not run across the place he might have lost his pretty skin.

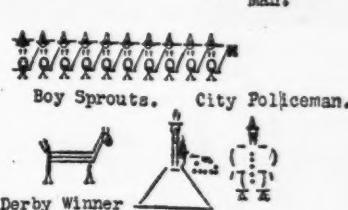


## A NEW TYPE OF ART

THE accompanying figures, which we copy from Country Life, were made on an ordinary standard typewriter. The person who made them evidently had a great deal of time and patience, for we don't doubt that he ruined many good sheets of white paper before he succeeded in making his figures as they now appear.

He calls it "typewriter art" and suggests that others might be amused to carry it still further. For example, the gentleman with no umbrella might be given one to keep the rain off his hat—and also off his big black beard; and the lean and alert "Derby winner" might with the aid of a few deft taps of the proper keys be turned into a beautiful zebra in a cage.

Gentleman.



## 'NOUGH SAID

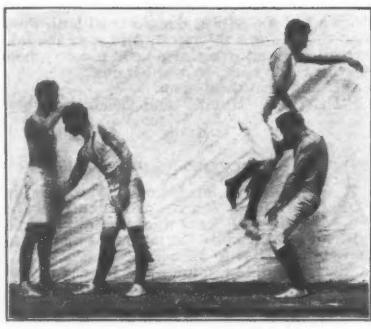
AMONG the humorous anecdotes that Mr. Josephus Daniels tells of Woodrow Wilson in his recent life of the President is this:

He had a strong sense of humor and used to tell his friends at college funny stories, often about his worthy father, who was a distinguished Presbyterian minister, but who like all ministers was not overpaid. One day his father met a parishioner; Dr. Wilson was then preaching in a North Carolina church.

"How come, Preacher Wilson, you have such a sleek horse and you're so skinny yourself?" the parishioner said.

"Well," said Dr. Wilson, "you see, I feed the horse, but the congregation feeds me!"

# THE DEPARTMENT PAGES



A B C D

**STRADDLE OVER HEAD.**—The performers stand as in A and B. A places his hand on B's head while B places one arm between A's legs and spreads his hand. A presses on B's head, B lifts and A straddles over the head of B. At first the feat may be done with B in a kneeling position. After it is accomplished in standing position it may then be performed from a run. It appears more difficult than it really is. The important thing is that B keep his body as nearly erect as possible.

THESE pages appear monthly. Intended to help all the family, they deal mainly with sports and pastimes and with all other wholesome activities of boys and girls both indoors and out.

Questions that any reader wishes to ask will be carefully and promptly answered. Address:

THE DEPARTMENT EDITOR  
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION  
BOSTON, MASS.

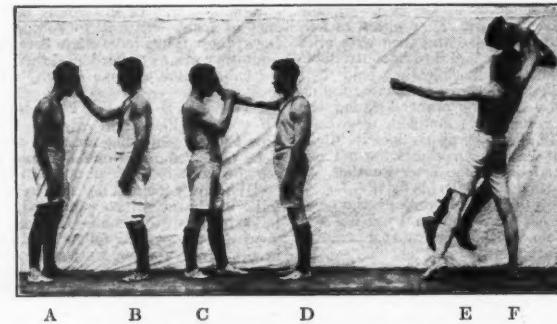
## GYMNAStic EXERCISES FOR TWO PERFORMERS

A good part of the fun of gymnastic exercises is to form a team with some one of about your own strength and devise a few feats that require two performers. As a gymnast you will take pleasure in working with another boy, for you must accommodate your action nicely to that of your team mate, and the mutual dependence thus established creates a pleasant feeling of comradeship. The spectator too likes acts that require two performers; the team play is always interesting and sometimes dramatic. The exercises here described are all simple, but when they are well executed they are quite as impressive as some much harder feats performed by a single acrobat



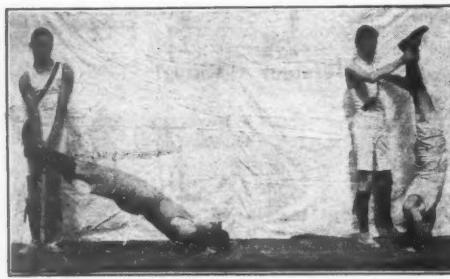
A B C D

**JUMP FORWARD AND BACKWARD OVER HANDS.**—Two boys stand one in front of the other as in A and B. B presses down hard on the hands of A, doubles up his body and jumps over one of A's arms, which brings him in the position of C. In the illustration B has jumped to his right. The forward jump over the arm as in C and D is much more difficult than the backward jump as in A and B, for it is impossible to press down as hard in the forward jump as in the backward jump.



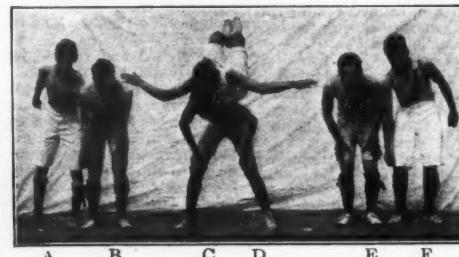
A B C D E F

**PULL THE FACE.**—This is a trick that looks difficult, but that as a matter of fact is easy if both persons act at the same time. B puts his hand on A's face, A grasps B's hand as in C and D, B pulls sharply and A jumps forward as in E and F. If this is done quickly, it appears as if B were pulling A by the face and is especially impressive if A after he finishes his jump and touches the floor performs a front roll, which makes it seem as if B had exerted tremendous force. When the act is performed swiftly the spectators do not notice that A grasps B's hand.



A B C D

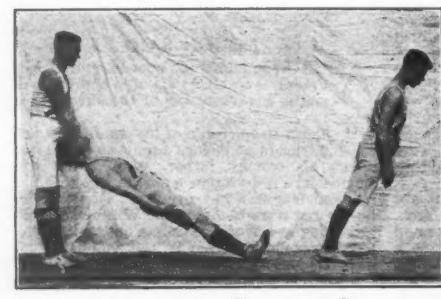
**LIFT BY THE FEET.**—One boy lies on his back as in B and places the palms of his hands on the floor close to his head. A grasps B's ankles and lifts his body to a headstand position as in D. B must keep his body rigid and support all his weight on his hands. Now A pushes B's feet away and B pushes with his hands, raises his head from the floor and alights on his feet in a standing position. The tendency to double up at the waist or the neck is the usual fault.



A B C D E F

**SIDEWARD ROLL OVER ANOTHER.**—B bends forward at an angle of almost ninety degrees, or till his back is level, and places his hands on his knees, to brace himself. A places his left shoulder against B's right shoulder and rolls as illustrated in C and D. The E and F position is the finish. B may now make the roll to the left over A. The partner underneath, who must brace himself well, can strengthen the brace by placing one foot a little in advance of the other. This exercise is most effective when A rolls over B, then B over A.

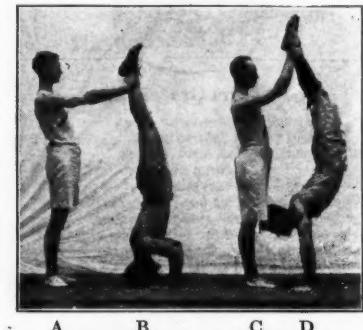
**LIFT AND FALL.**—One boy lies on his back with his arms at his side and his body rigid. A interlocks his fingers and places his hands under B's neck and lifts him as shown in the picture. The tendency in this exercise is that B will bend or double up at the waist, but he must guard against that. When B has been raised to his feet, he may fall forward as in C. When within a foot of the floor his hands strike the floor, which breaks the weight of the fall and prevents his body from touching the floor. From the standing position B may be lowered backward as in A and B.



A B C

**ROLL FORWARD OVER ANOTHER.**—B kneels on hands and knees as in the illustration. A places his hands on the floor and rolls forward as in C and finishes as in F. The kneeling partner may assist A by raising his back slightly while the movement is being executed. The feat is not difficult if the performers follow instructions. The reader should observe that in this picture A in position C found it impossible to hold a correct pose for the photographer. He should be doubled more, as one in a front roll; his arms should be straight and close to the body of the kneeling man.

**THE HUMAN ELEPHANT.**—In the beginning of this movement one boy jumps astride of the other, with his thighs well above the other's hips and with his feet crossed in the rear. The standing boy then grasps the mounted one under the hips, while the mounted one arches his back and slowly bends backward till he is in position B. From there, B crawls between the legs of A till he reaches a front leaning rest position with his arms straight. A now bends forward and places his hands on the floor as in D. From the C and D position A walks forward on his hands. It makes an amusing walk if A occasionally extends a leg backward. The pair will be more successful if B is shorter than A.



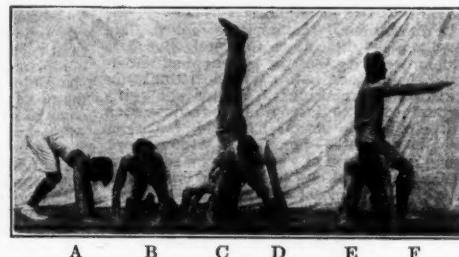
A B C D

**HEAD BALANCE AND HAND BALANCE.**—An easy way for a boy to learn the head balance or hand balance is to place the palms of his hands on the floor with the fingers well spread. Then let him place his head about six or eight inches in advance of his hands and throw up his feet as in B, so that A can catch them. From that position B pushes strongly and A pulls until the position C and D is reached. A and B after each trial should change places in order that both may receive the training. This is an easier way to master the head and hand balance than by practice against a wall.

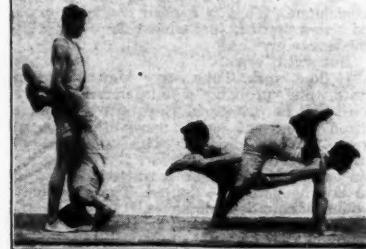


A B C D

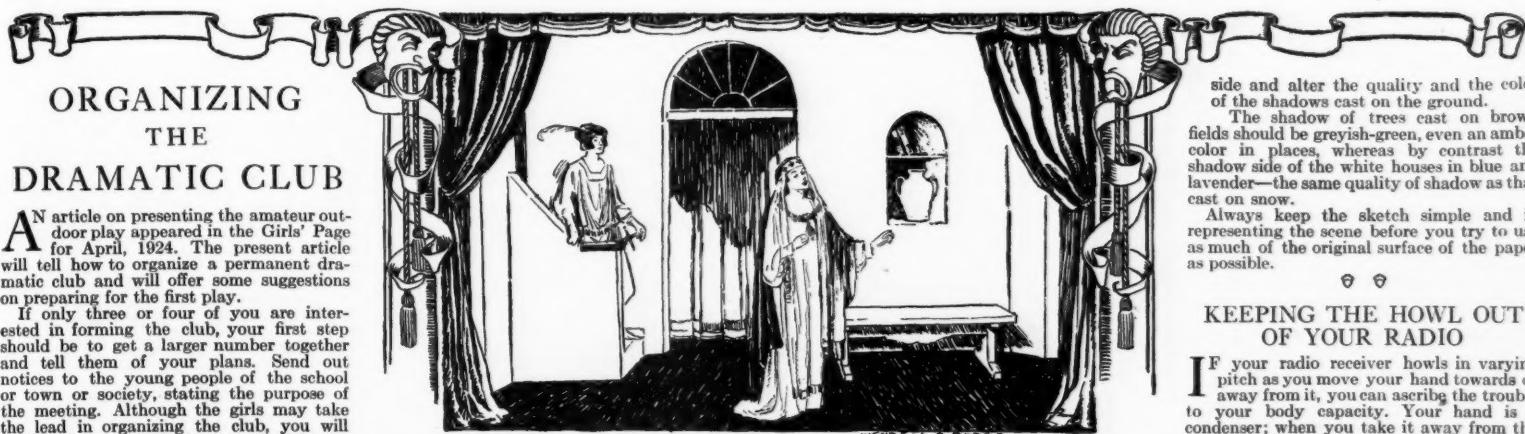
**Rise Back to Back.**—Both boys sit on the floor back to back with their knees up as in A and B. They press strongly against each other's shoulders and hips and come to the position of C and D. From that position they make a turn toward each other until their foreheads touch and return to the floor in that position; or from C and D each may double up and perform a front roll. Or from C and D they may turn till their foreheads touch, then execute a backward roll. Or from C and D they may interlock arms and cradle rock; that is, first one and then the other bends forward and lifts his partner off his feet. As the one in the air returns to the floor he may advance his feet enough to gain ground in some one direction, or both may do the cradle rock without moving out of place.



A B C D E F



A B C D



## ORGANIZING THE DRAMATIC CLUB

**A**N article on presenting the amateur outdoor play appeared in the Girls' Page for April, 1924. The present article will tell how to organize a permanent dramatic club and will offer some suggestions on preparing for the first play.

If only three or four of you are interested in forming the club, your first step should be to get a larger number together and tell them of your plans. Send out notices to the young people of the school or town or society, stating the purpose of the meeting. Although the girls may take the lead in organizing the club, you will probably want both boys and girls included. Divide the offices fairly between them. Make it clear that everyone can be useful in some way: those who cannot act can help in designing and making costumes, in building or borrowing scenery and in arranging the lighting. Others can help with properties and makeup.

In the first enthusiastic period many promises will be made, but the larger group must be reduced to the number of those who are really willing to work. There must be a real devotion to the club; workers must realize that to those who are producing a play come monotonous and often discouraging moments unknown to the enthusiasts on the other side of the footlights.

The officers of the club should be:

A director, if possible an older person experienced in coaching plays, who will criticize the acting. If you cannot afford to pay anything for the service, there will probably be some teacher or leader of girls who will help you. When your club is on its feet there will be some money in the treasury with which to procure the services of a trained director for your later performances. The director has the deciding voice in casting the characters, but under no circumstances does she herself take a part. She rehearses the production and settles all questions that arise in regard to the acting. Above all else she needs tact and a firm hand; she must have implicit obedience, for it is especially true in producing plays that "too many cooks spoil the broth."

A manager, the financial and business head, whose office corresponds to that of secretary and treasurer in other clubs. Among other duties he attends to getting a hall if it is needed, sees that tickets, notices and programmes are on hand, pays the bills and handles the receipts.

A stage manager, who is the director's right hand. He is responsible for all details other than those pertaining to the acting. He has the deciding voice in matters of scenery, costumes—in fact, all the "business" of the stage itself. Under his direction is:

A property man, who takes charge of the accessories that the text calls for. He must have a copy of the play with the required properties listed and underlined. It is his duty to see that the stage is properly set before the curtain rises, to hand the properties to the actors as they go in, and to check them from his list, pack them in boxes and put them away at the end of the performance.

A committee on scenery, a committee on lighting and a committee on costumes, each of which has charge in its special field. The stage manager should be a member of all three committees, which should consist either of three or of five members.

A prompter, a very necessary person, who must be perfectly familiar with the play and who must stand in the wings and speak the lines to the player if he forgets them.

When your club is organized arouse further interest in it on the part of the community by having a shelf in the library given over to books on dramatics and made conspicuous perhaps by a special poster. The librarian will probably cooperate with you.

The next step after the club is organized is to choose a first play. That is difficult, especially if you are not familiar with the ability of the players. A good plan is to hold preliminary try-outs, allowing the contestants to give some selection of their own choosing; then, when you have an idea of their abilities, look for play that they will fit into. In choosing the play or group of short plays there are more than the characters to be considered. The question of scenery and that of costumes are both important. A long play sometimes calls for only one "set," but often it requires two or even three changes of scene. A group of one-act plays presents the same difficulty.

Costuming a play is the third consideration. The costume, or "period," play calls for some expenditure for renting costumes, for taste and much ingenuity, whereas the play of contemporary life can be put on with borrowed furs and feathers, easily provided from the actor's own wardrobe. It is best to choose for a first play one that presents as few external difficulties as possible. The editor of the Department Pages will be glad to suggest suitable plays to any new club.

side and alter the quality and the color of the shadows cast on the ground.

The shadow of trees cast on brown fields should be greyish-green, even an amber color in places, whereas by contrast the shadow side of the white houses in blue and lavender—the same quality of shadow as that cast on snow.

Always keep the sketch simple and in representing the scene before you try to use as much of the original surface of the paper as possible.

## KEEPING THE HOWL OUT OF YOUR RADIO

**I**f your radio receiver howls in varying pitch as you move your hand towards or away from it, you can ascribe the trouble to your body capacity. Your hand is a condenser; when you take it away from the set the tuning is disturbed.

A number of the first sets designed for long-wave radio telegraphy were adjusted by means of wooden rods that projected from the instruments for several feet. These kept the body of the operator so far away that the body capacity gave no trouble. You can apply this principle to your receiver by using a new wooden pencil with an eraser. Rest the tip of the eraser partly on the edge of the dial and partly on the panel and rotate the dial by turning the pointed end of the pencil.

Most vacuum tubes can be used either for transmitting or for receiving, and if the tuning elements are set in a certain way the tube becomes a transmitter even though it is in a receiving set. The tube is then said to oscillate; it vibrates like a tuning fork and sends off waves of the length to which it is tuned. They may cause interference with other receiving sets near by. When a tube is in that condition the slight disturbance of your hand in its vicinity will set it out of adjustment, and it will "howl." The best thing to do is to prevent the trouble at its source—stop the tube from sending. The simplest way to do it is to turn back the filament rheostat of the detector tube, so that the tube does not receive so much current. A receiver operated just below the point of oscillation gives the best results and does not interfere with other stations. Other ways to prevent the tube from oscillating are to cut down the reading of the tickler coil or of the plate variometer; that is, to reduce the amount of regeneration.

Proper assembly of the set will do much to protect against the effects of body capacity. Keep leads to the grid and plate terminals of vacuum-tube sockets as far as possible from the panel. Connect the movable plates of the variable condenser to the ground lead or negative (-) "A" battery post. If the set contains a variometer connected either in the grid or in the plate leads, be sure that it is the stationary coil, not the movable coil, that is attached nearest to the grid or plate as the case may be.

A panel shield is useful in eliminating effects of body capacity, but, since it may absorb part of the incoming radio energy, you should not make use of one unless all other means fail. A panel shield consists of a thin sheet of tinfoil or copperfoil glued to the back of the panel and connected to the ground post. Holes are cut in the foil wherever other binding posts or instruments are fastened to the panels in such a way that the foil touches nothing except the panel and the ground post.

## TEACHING AT HOME

**T**HE young woman who has received a college, normal or high school education often leaves home to teach, either because there is no opening for her in the home schools or because she wishes to try new surroundings.

One college-bred girl who lives in a Western resort has managed to make a fair income by teaching at home. She tutors not only the children and young folk of local families but also those who come to spend the vacation in her home-town or on adjacent ranches.

She coaches backward pupils in the grades and also coaches preparatory school students for college entrance examinations. High school graduates go to her for help when they are reviewing in preparation for teachers' examinations.

When there are enough children who want kindergarten instruction she holds a kindergarten class. Thus her work is so varied that it has none of the monotony that the ordinary school teacher finds so tiresome.

For tutoring a single pupil she usually charges fifty cents an hour; for two or more who take the same studies the fee is less. She fixes her charges for the kindergarten class by the term and bases the fee upon the number of pupils. That makes the cost slight for each one, yet pays the teacher better than tutoring.

The girl enjoys her work, and her parents are glad to have her at home with them. Moreover, she can help her mother with the household tasks and still have more leisure than the public-school teacher usually has. Considering the present cost of board, lodging and incidentals such as laundry, luncheons, car fare, etc., her income compares favorably with that of the

## A WINTER SKETCH

**A**BROWN leaf in the winter sketch book referred to in the Girls' Page for November, 1922, can be used to advantage when there is more bare ground than snow in the landscape. You need only draw with pastels or soft crayons on the drawing paper.

Imagine on an overcast day a cluster of New England farmhouses surrounded by brown fields and winter trees. From the immediate foreground a country road winds toward the group of white houses in the middle distance. Against the sky is a line of low hills or a stretch of dark woodland.

In value the road is in most places the same as are the fields, for the brown paper can represent both. You will indicate the cart ruts, of course, with darker brown strokes and by a lighter grey tone here and there over the brown you can indicate the modeling and curve of the road as it rounds up from the gutters. The sides are darker and of the same value as the cart ruts.

You will add much to the foreground by drawing either an interesting group of trees or one gnarled apple tree. Let the color of the trunks and bare branches blend into that of the sere fields round them, and bring out the shapes of the trees, with lines of warm, darker color.

Indicate the white houses and their red roofs and chimneys by a few well-studied and simple strokes of the crayon. A white meeting house spire shows effectively against a clump of evergreen trees.

You can show patches of snow on the hills by dragging white crayon lightly over the brown surface. Clumps of dark trees here and there can be represented by a dark purplish blue, or possibly, in the case of scrub oak, by a warm, rich red, with a little blue here and there to give distance and atmosphere.

The sky is light and luminous and is made by applying white, light yellow and a little red and blue until a warm vibrant gray is obtained.

For the same scene on a sunny day give each object a brilliant light side and a cool shadow



## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

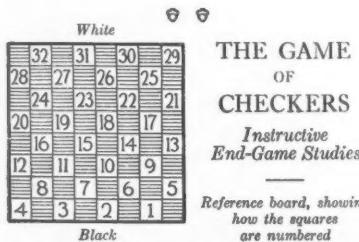
*Not always is a valentine  
Composed of fancy paper,  
With buds and birds and clever words,  
And cupids all a-caper;*

*Sometimes it's just a line to tell  
How one friend loves another well,  
How one heart hopes the year may  
bless  
Another heart with happiness.*

*O birds and darts and sugar hearts  
Are very gay and fine,  
But often just a faithful word  
Will make a valentine.*



teacher who lives away from home, and who in the same region must spend perhaps one-third of her salary for food and lodging. Furthermore, this young woman has a more comfortable room and better food than those who are boarding usually have. She also has the privileges and advantages to be found nowhere except in a real home.



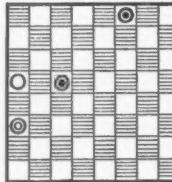
### THE GAME OF CHECKERS

Instructive End-Game Studies

Reference board, showing how the squares are numbered

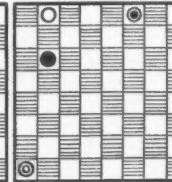
THE skill and dispatch with which a player finishes off his game often makes the difference between a win and a draw. The expert player never relaxes for long his practice in solving end games. However well he may know the openings and the correct theories of play, he must also master a variety of end games to be a consistent winner among other good players. Of course the possible combinations for end-play study are many, but the following examples will give the student a good idea of the strategy that an expert employs.

Position No. 1  
White



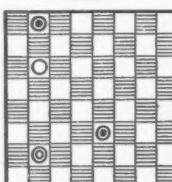
Black  
Black to move and win.

Position No. 2  
White



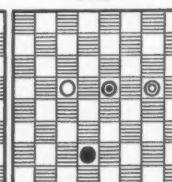
Black  
Black to move and win.

Position No. 3  
White



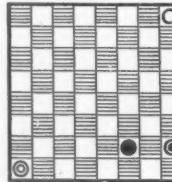
Black  
Black to move and win.

Position No. 4  
White



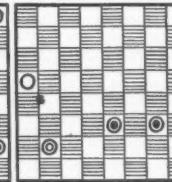
Black  
Black to move and win.

Position No. 5  
White



Black  
Black to move and win.

Position No. 6  
White



Black  
Black to move and win.

### SOLUTIONS

Position No. 1.

30-26	19-15	11-7	23-10	Black wins
20-16	11-8	12-8	4-8	
26-23	15-11	7-3	19-15	
16-11	8-4	8-12		

Position No. 2.

30-26	4-8	32-27	16-11	19-16
32-28	27-23	12-8	18-14	Black wins
24-27	8-12	27-24	11-7	
28-24	23-18	10-16	14-10	
26-23	24-19	24-19	7-3	

Position No. 3.

10-15	15-10	32-27	27-23
24-20	8-12	20-16	

Black wins as in No. 1 at fourth move.

Position No. 4.

7-11	15-8	13-9	7-11	Black wins
19-15	22-13	3-7	6-10	
18-23	8-3	9-6		

### THE CALENDAR SYSTEM OF RAISING CHURCH FUNDS

Position No. 5.

5-9	25-22	14-10	8-12	Black wins
29-25	6-9	22-18	7-11	
9-14	4-8	10-7		

Position No. 6.

10-15	9-6	19-16	10-15	Black wins
20-16	8-3	8-4	8-4	
15-19	6-10	16-12	15-11	

Position No. 7.

12-16	23-18	18-9	9-14	Black wins
24-20	a-20-11	11-7		
a-14-23	15-19	20-11	19-17	Black wins

Position No. 8.

30-26	16-11	23-19	8-12	15-10-a
20-16	19-15	12-8	16-11	Black wins
26-23	11-7	19-16	7-2	

a—This problem is similar to position No. 1, the only difference being that there are two more pieces on the board.

### HEARTS FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

THE receipts given below are all suited to St. Valentine's Day—that holiday of hearts.

#### TENDERLOIN HEARTS WITH SPAGHETTI

1 pound of beef tenderloin  
½ pound of veal steak  
½ cupful of cooked ham  
¼ cupful of beef marrow  
or salt pork  
½ cupful of cream  
tomato sauce

eggs  
½ teaspoonful of salt  
bread crumbs  
butter  
spaghetti  
parsley

Pass the beef tenderloin, veal steak, cooked ham and beef marrow through a food chopper. Mix the whole thoroughly and beat in gradually the cream, the yolk of one egg and the salt. Divide the mixture into ten or twelve portions, roll each into a firm ball, press it flat and shape it into a heart with the fingers. Cover each portion with beaten egg, diluted with water, and with soft sifted bread crumbs. At serving time fry the portions in butter, first on one side and then on the other, until they are delicately browned. Serve each on a bed of spaghetti cooked with tomato sauce and garnished with parsley. The tenderloin hearts are equally good if they are baked in an oven.

#### RICE HEARTS

1 cupful of rice  
stick cinnamon  
milk  
1 tablespoonful of sugar  
eggs

flour  
bread crumbs  
fat  
currant jelly

Boil the rice and a small bit of stick cinnamon in milk until the rice is soft and dry. Add the sugar, a beaten egg and enough flour to make the mixture slightly stiff. Remove the cinnamon and set the dish aside to cool. When it is cold, mold the rice into heart shaped croquettes. Dip each portion into sifted bread crumbs, roll it in the diluted white of egg and then in crumbs again. Fry the hearts in deep fat to a golden brown and serve each with a spoonful of currant jelly to signify a bleeding heart. Hot maple syrup or melted crab apple jelly is a good accompaniment to the dish.

#### BEET HEARTS

2 cupfuls of chopped  
cooked beets  
½ cupful of cream (sweet  
or sour)  
1 teaspoonful of sugar  
½ tablespoonful of vine-  
gar

salt  
pepper  
lettuce  
whipped cream  
mayonnaise dressing

Mix together the beets, cream, sugar, vinegar and salt and pepper to taste. Heat the whole until the cream begins to boil, then pack it down firmly in a heart-shaped mould and allow it to chill. When it is solid remove it from the mould and arrange it on lettuce leaves. Serve with whipped cream seasoned to taste with mayonnaise dressing.

#### PASTRY HEARTS

puff paste  
powdered sugar  
butter

Roll puff paste to a thickness of one-eighth of an inch. Sprinkle one half of the surface with powdered sugar, fold it, press the edges together and roll it out again, using powdered sugar instead of flour on the dredging board. Do this three times. After the last rolling, fold the sheet four times; you should have a long strip about an inch and a half wide. From the end cut pieces about one half of an inch wide and place them on a buttered pan, flat side down. Now separate the layers of pastry in each piece at one end and at the other end press them together, thus forming them into heart shapes. They will spread a little in baking, which takes about eight minutes in a hot oven.

©

### THE CALENDAR SYSTEM OF RAISING CHURCH FUNDS

A CERTAIN church in a prosperous New England village found it necessary to raise a large sum of money. The members thought with discouragement of the many

suppers, food sales and fairs that they must hold in order to raise that amount. But the pastor's wife had heard of the calendar system of raising church funds and explained it as follows: one woman becomes the Year and promises to give two dollars a month for a year; the Year chooses twelve women to be the Months, each of whom pledges one dollar a month; each Month chooses four Weeks who

are to give fifty cents a month; and each Week chooses seven Days who pledge ten cents a month. The sum of \$859.20 was raised by the plan in one year, and during the past five years five thousand dollars has been paid into the church treasury, nearly eighty per cent of which was collected by the calendar system.

Working together for this cause should create a fine spirit of co-operation.

### THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE

#### IV. Conducting an Anti-Dust Campaign



KEEPING a house clean is a task like dish-washing—every tomorrow brings it round again. The modern housekeeper gives her rooms a careful cleaning at frequent intervals so as to avoid the semi-annual upheavals that used to bring chaos and unhappiness to the home. If a room has a thorough cleaning once a month, it never becomes very dirty, and the weekly task of cleaning it is easy. In that way the work of the year and the month is distributed, so that there are no heavy burdens at the time of seasonal changes.

A matter of the first importance is, not to chase the dust round and round with a feather duster, but to get it really out of the room.

Therefore, clean first the furniture and other articles that can be removed from the room. Wipe polished wood with a cloth moistened with lemon oil; then wipe it dry. Dust leather upholstery with a dry cloth, but once in a while give it a generous dressing of neat's-foot oil to keep it soft. Be sure to wipe off all the surplus oil, and do not do the work in a dusty room. Beat upholstered pieces out of doors with a rattan beater and brush or clean them with a vacuum cleaner. Do not beat velvet upholstery, for that mars the fabric. Clean reed and wicker furniture with a stiff brush; then wipe it with a damp cloth. Dust with a dry cloth such pieces of furniture as cannot be moved and cover them; oil them after the room has been cleaned. Cover bookcases well, for books gather dust quickly, and it is tedious to clean them.

Free all cushions and draperies from dust and place them where the air will freshen them. Couch covers usually need considerable cleaning, since they get very dusty. Beware of strong sunlight, for some of your fabrics and colors may be sensitive. Wipe off the window shades and take them down. Dust all the pictures, ornaments and other small articles and either remove them from the room or pile them, covered, on a table. Alcohol is a good cleanser for the glass of pictures and mirrors, since it obviates the danger of soaking the frame and back with water.

The next step is to clean the room itself. Clean the windows, the frames and the ledges, because otherwise the dirt on them will blow into the room and render useless the other cleaning that you do. A short-handled hair brush is good for that work. Clean the window panes with whiting, with ammonia and water or with alcohol. Whiting is dusty, but it produces a clear glass. Ammonia makes a clearer glass than soap, which leaves a film unless it is rinsed off. Alcohol makes a good, though expensive, winter cleaner because it evaporates quickly and does not freeze.

Next, with a long-handled brush or broom covered with a soft bag, wipe the ceiling and the walls. Be careful not to rub too hard; work with a smooth, even stroke. Change the bag for a fresh one as soon as it is soiled, for otherwise you will transfer the dirt to the walls in smudgy marks. Give special attention to picture mouldings and plate rails as well as to the tops of windows and doors. Then wipe down the woodwork, beginning at the top. Whether you use a dry duster or not depends upon your floor covering. If you have a carpet or a heavy rug that must be swept with a broom, it is not wise to dampen the woodwork. Instead, dust it dry first, then oil or wash it after you have cleaned the floor coverings. Be sure to protect the wall paper when you oil the woodwork, for oil spots are hard to remove. Use a cardboard along the edge of the woodwork to absorb any extra oil.

Clean the radiators and the surfaces round the stoves. A damp newspaper will save the floor. Ashes, both on account of their scratchy nature and because of the alkali that they contain, are injurious to polished floors.

The floor coverings come next. Remove

The superintendent should devise class stunts or games. Some of those given below have been tried and have proved popular. Since in rural communities entire families often attend the social gatherings at the church, stunts are included for the younger children.

**THE BEGINNERS' CLASS.** Five times as many candy hearts as there are children should be hidden about the room, some of them in mother's lap and in father's hand. Then comes an exciting search for the hearts until all are found. The children who hold the largest number should be urged to share with those who have none. Any confectioner will order the candy hearts if he has not a supply on hand, or homemade heart-shaped cookies can be substituted.

**THE PRIMARY CLASS.** The children are seated round a table on which are envelopes containing several irregular pieces of red cardboard. The child who first makes a heart by putting the pieces together wins the game, which proceeds, however, until all have finished the hearts.

**THE JUNIOR CLASS.** A large heart over two feet across is cut from tagboard or light-colored cardboard. Within it are drawn six smaller hearts, colored red and numbered from one to six. The heart is placed on the floor within a circle of children who take turns in dropping a cent. If the cent lands on a red heart, it counts the number of points indicated. The child who gains thirty points first wins.

**THE INTERMEDIATE CLASS.** As many paper bags as there are players are placed on chairs at one end of the room. In a chair at the other end is a pair containing an ample supply of small red cardboard hearts. The boys and girls are provided with table knives. At a signal they lift as many hearts as possible on their knives and, carrying them across the room, put them

## THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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each into his own bag. If a heart is dropped, it must be picked up with the fingers and placed in a bag before the player can return to the pan. When all the hearts are deposited the owner of the bag that contains the largest number is declared the winner.

**THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLASS.** As this game is for those who are single, the young married people will join the adults. On the backs of red paper hearts are written the names of the young people, one name to a heart and each name occurring no less than three times. They are then so pinned to a suspended sheet or to a screen that the hearts bearing the names of the young men and the young women are some distance apart. With gayly decorated bows and arrows the contestants of the two groups take turns shooting at the hearts and retain those that they succeed in hitting. When all the hearts are removed they are examined and the fates of the players announced. The number of hearts held by a girl signifies the number of admirers she will have; if the name of an admirer occurs more than once, he will become her husband; if, however, she was unable to capture a single heart, she will never marry. The fates of the young men are determined in the same way.

**THE ADULT CLASS.** Fifty or more quotations, some of them of a sentimental nature, are written on cardboard hearts that are then cut in two. The first half of each quotation is held by the leader, and the remaining halves are distributed among the players. The leader reads his half of a quotation, whereupon the person who holds the other half completes it and throws out his half heart. But if a quicker-witted person thinks of it first, he may repeat it and give one of his half hearts to the person who failed. The half heart that was guessed is discarded. The player who disposes of his halves first is declared the winner, but the game will naturally proceed until all the quotations have been read.

⊗ ⊗

**INDOOR TEMPERATURE AND HUMIDITY IN WINTER**

**W**HEREVER you go in winter you will find American houses, schoolrooms, offices and factory buildings overheated. In the coldest weather the temperature is often well above 70° and frequently as high as 80°. Such overheating is a common cause of ill health. Physicians do not agree, however, concerning what relation humidity bears to healthful indoor conditions. Those who favor a high degree of humidity point out that the drier the air the more rapidly evaporation takes place, and evaporation makes a person feel cool even though the temperature of the room may be over 70°. Accordingly because the air is dry we overheat our rooms in order to feel warm, whereas we should supply the air with more moisture; 65 per cent relative humidity when the thermometer reads between 65° and 75° Fahrenheit is the extreme limit.

The opposite theory is that indoor air in winter is a menace not so much because it is dry as because it is overheated.

Recently Dr. Leonard Hill, M. B., F. R. S., Director of the Department of Applied Physiology of the Medical Research Committee of Great Britain, said: "When air at freezing or much below freezing temperature, as in winter in America, is heated up and introduced into rooms it is very dry, both relatively and absolutely, but there is no evidence that the dryness, so long as the air is not over-warm, exerts any ill effects."

The observations of a distinguished American meteorologist, covering a period of twenty-five years, are the same as Dr. Hill's. For many years the desk of the meteorologist was in a steam-heated room with a single window, which he always kept open a few inches, top and bottom. During the winter months, when the outside temperature was often below zero, he kept the room at a nearly uniform temperature of 68° to 70°, and the relative humidity about 25 per cent. Those conditions of temperature, humidity and fresh air were exceedingly satisfactory from the point of view of health, and it is doubtful whether a higher relative humidity would have been of any particular benefit.

In further emphasizing the ill effects of over-warm rooms Dr. Hill makes some astonishing statements. "The old theories set up by chemists concerning the ill effects of close air in crowded places" he says, "have been swept away by the overwhelming evidence of physiological research. The victims of the Black Hole of Calcutta died from heat stroke, not from poisonous vitiation of the air by the exhalations of the crowd. In crowded close rooms the excess of carbonic acid never exceeds 0.5 per cent, whereas submarine crews endure submersion without great discomfort until the carbonic acid exceeds 3 per cent."

So much has been said about the necessity of humidifying indoor air during the winter that it has obscured the fact that the problem of "dry air" will pretty well regulate itself if the temperature is maintained at 70° or slightly less, which is a comfortable temperature when anyone gets used to it, though it may seem too cool to persons who have lived for a while in a temperature 5° or 10° higher.

The reason why the problem of dry air indoors in winter regulates itself to a certain extent if we prevent it from becoming over-warm is that relative humidity decreases rapidly as the temperature rises and increases

with equal rapidity as the temperature falls, though of course there is no appreciable change in the actual amount of water vapor in the room. A popular work on meteorology makes the matter clear: "The amount of water vapor sufficient to cause high relative humidity at a low temperature would cause only a low relative humidity at a high temperature. For instance, the amount of vapor that is sufficient to produce only 25 per cent relative humidity at a temperature of 80° will suffice to saturate the air when the temperature falls to 40° (saturation being 100 per cent relative humidity). With a given amount of water vapor in the air, the relative humidity will fall as the temperature rises, and vice versa." That statement applies both to indoor and to outdoor door conditions.

When wintry conditions prevail outside, the indoor air under natural conditions is almost sure to be dry, but it will seldom be so dry as to be detrimental to health if the temperature is not more than 65° or 70°. But if the inside temperature is allowed to rise in winter say to 75° or 80°, an atmosphere is produced that is not only over warm but excessively dry—a bad combination.

It is not difficult to learn what the indoor relative humidity is. Any accurate thermometer that has a bulb unprotected against breakage can be used for the purpose. Take a small piece of clean muslin, wrap it tight round the bulb of the thermometer and sew or tie it there. If the muslin is thoroughly dry, the thermometer may be known as the dry bulb. In making the observation, get first the temperature of the room by reading the dry bulb, which should be exposed near the centre of the room and about midway between floor and ceiling and left there for an hour or more.

After you have read the dry bulb pour water on the muslin until it is thoroughly wet, which makes a wet bulb of the thermometer. If the air is dry, as it generally is in winter, the temperature of the wet bulb will fall rapidly for several minutes. Get the lowest reading—the point at which the mercury ceases to fall—and while you are making the observation keep the air about the thermometer stirring by the use of a fan.

The relative humidity is figured from two elements and the humidity table. The two elements are (1) the actual temperature of the room as obtained by the dry bulb, and (2) the difference between the dry and the wet reading. For example, if the reading of the dry bulb is 74° and the difference is 21°, the relative humidity, as shown by the table, will be 21 per cent; or, if the dry bulb reads 70° and the difference is 17°, the relative humidity, as obtained from the table, will be 30 per cent.

**TABLE FOR OBTAINING INDOOR RELATIVE HUMIDITY**

Difference between dry and wet bulb.	Temperature of air (dry bulb)— Fahr.						per cent
	66°	70°	74°	78°	82°		
9°	58	60	62	64	65	"	"
10	53	56	58	60	62	"	"
11	49	52	54	57	58	"	"
12	45	48	51	53	55	"	"
13	41	44	47	50	52	"	"
14	37	40	44	46	49	"	"
15	33	37	40	43	46	"	"
16	29	33	37	40	43	"	"
17	26	30	34	37	40	"	"
18	22	26	30	34	37	"	"
19	18	23	27	31	34	"	"
20	15	20	24	28	31	"	"
21	11	17	21	25	28	"	"
22	8	13	18	22	25	"	"
23	5	10	15	19	23	"	"
24	1	7	12	16	20	"	"
25	4	9	14	18	22	"	"
26	1	7	11	15	19	"	"
27	4	9	13	17	21	"	"
28	1	6	10	14	18	"	"

*Note.—This table is approximately correct at altitudes between 500 and 2500 feet above sea level. Elsewhere apply the following corrections to the percentages: At altitudes under 500 ft., -1; between 2500 and 3500 ft., +1; between 3500 and 4500 ft., -2; between 4500 and 5500 ft., -3. For illustration, at Boston (only slightly above sea level) apply a correction of -1 to the percentages given in the table, and at Denver (nearly a mile above sea level) apply a correction of +3 to the percentages given in the table.*

The winter climate of England is wholly unlike that of most of America, for the English climate is much warmer and more humid. If the Englishman kept his home or office as warm as the American keeps his, he would be most uncomfortable, because of the high humidity. In view of the general complaint of many American medical men that in this country the inside air is much too dry in winter, it is interesting to notice that in England the complaint is just the reverse. Dr. Hill says: "The warm, moist air of crowded rooms not only produces feelings of headache, closeness, discomfort, by congesting the membrane of the nose and the air sinuses which open out of the nose, but, by impeding the cooling of and evaporation from the skin and respiratory membrane, lowers the vitality."

In America fresh air at a temperature of 70° or slightly less, with a relative humidity of 25 to 40 per cent, is perhaps the ideal indoor atmosphere for comfort and health. Add to this a final statement by Dr. Hill: "Two hours a day of open-air exercises fully compensates for sedentary work in warm enclosures, keeps a man perfectly fit and secures an enjoyment of life and good temper that no indoor recreations can give."

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